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PATRICIUS EUGENE MORIARTY, O. S. A.

“Behold the great priest, who in his day pleased God, and was found just.” (*Ecclus., ch. xlv.*) *Text of his Funeral Sermon preached by Bishop Quinlan of Mobile.*

A FEW months ago sped far and wide the sorrowful news of the death of a great man, of a great ecclesiastic—the Very Reverend Doctor Moriarty, a man eminent in most of the walks of life, a rich ripe scholar, a gentleman by birth and instinct, one of God’s noblemen, courteous, polished and, above all, a zealous and untiring priest, one who had ever “loved justice and hated iniquity.”

In him religion lost a valiant defender, the people a sturdy champion of their faith and liberties and science a master in many branches.

Saddening, indeed, was the news of his death to those of our own land, many of whom, with their fathers before them his friends, had been by him instructed in the faith of Christ, taught in youth, counselled in maturer years and by his priestly hand and solacing voice soothed at death. Saddening too it was to all to see gathered to his fathers the great

high priest of the temple, the ornament of religion, the admiration even of his foes.

Yet not only they, but other lands besides will breathe a prayer for his soul at this same sad message, known so well as he was in the Old World and the New.

Many the wanderers he brought back to Peter’s fold and many the thousands who had been consoled by him and by him reared up in wisdom and in virtue. The shrines of the Old World he prayed at will now miss his step; the cathedrals he filled with his matchless oratory, will no longer resound with his voice or be stirred by the magic of his presence, and the far-off sunny lands of India and Italy, of France, of his own dear Erin, and the busy marts and crowded cities of his adopted fatherland, that for well-nigh on to fifty years had been the scenes of his labors and the witness of his triumphs, will now no doubt be mourners at his tomb.

The Very Reverend Dr. Moriarty was no ordinary man, but one of those that come at times only to grace an epoch by their sway. He was richly learned in ancient and classic lore. For his was a mind that had many a Golconda of quaint erudition at command, of old customs and laws stored within, that needed only the appreciative attention of a hearer to unearth itself in sparkling classic diction, whose gems of brilliant thought would instruct a scholar or even entertain a child.

He was a poet too, of no ignoble lay, and an historian, as well attests the care bestowed upon his lectures and his writings. What moments of delight to hear him speak! Yet, why attempt to portray his oratory? None who heard him but had to bend a willing ear to those lips that fairly dropped with wit and erudition, with tales of the past, with his labors in the Eastern clime, his travels, his missions, and withal such good advice that rarely failed to find some fruit, even when most unwillingly hearkened to only that it were faithfully observed. Well then might his land treasure his name with pride and sing joyfully his praise.

But apart from these his natural gifts, he had that which few have in so eminent a degree—the unction of the priesthood. For who more than he was zealous for the Faith? Or who toiled so long at its barriers ready to ward off its foes and prompt to ease its allies?

Apart from his wondrous gifts of mind and heart, they had been lost only that he moulded them to the honor of the Faith. Apart from his genius, it too would have glimmered only, and been quenched, had he not linked it in all earnestness with the ray of grace that the Spirit lavishes on the true, while his grand emotions would have been as the bursting of the thundercloud, as harmless and as barren, only that he curbed them to his mission of leading a life in the service of his Maker.

If then we measure the worth of a man by the influence he bears, great assuredly must have been the Doctor's. He was a priest, a true minister of the Most High, fervent, zealous, a veritable apostle, one of whom it may be truly said, "his life was his Master's," and this same priestly dignity shone out along the many years of a long life devoted to His cause. It elevated him far above himself (as whom should it not?) to be above the man. In him the man was great, the priest far greater. The priestly unction seemed to have raised his mental gifts to almost a prophetic pitch in his clear, broad portrayals of God's mercies, of His Church, His sacraments and of His glories, while his rich oratory, varied and versatile as a poet's strains, knew no bounds when enkindled for His Master's honor. It towered in its denunciation of hypocrisy and guilt; it wept in its heartfelt pleadings for love and mercy. His invective was as withering as a Jeremiah's, and his sympathy as tender and soothing to the heart as is genial the warmth-giving ray of a fair May's sun.

But while the Doctor shone in his cleverness as a scholar and charmed by his dignity as a priest, he was not wanting in those lesser graces that do so much to smooth away the little roughnesses of society. For he was a gentleman, one of the old school, rare in his attainments, polished in his ways, very courtier-like, urbane, and with that comity that comes from much travel and frequent intercourse with the gifted of many spheres and of other lands and blood. It was in company with these, no doubt, that the brilliant parts of his soul and mind were trained. And what a host they were! the famous Doyle, Byron, O'Connell, Webster, Clay, the soldier Jackson, the poetic Moore, the sainted Cheverus of Bordeaux, the many-tongued Mezzofanti, and what bishops! what statesmen, scholars, poets, saints! And in his converse how his mind and

heart shone out! What wit there was! what racy humor in his words! How was passed around joke, *bon-mot*, and repartee, yet with a decorum that bade avaunt to unkindly thought, an exuberance that amazed by its fecundity, and with a depth and breadth of conversational power that held enchanted the favored listener.

Yet a truce to laudation. We would see the man in his outer life. To delay so long in eulogy savors of the enthusiast, and tends to pall on the friend who will maybe skim these pages, to learn of the Doctor's life in detail, of his birth, his youth and his labors.

The Very Reverend Dr. Moriarty was born in Russel Street, Dublin, of Eugene Moriarty, gentleman, and a Miss Lynch of the Lynches of Galway. Both his parents were of good family, of influential standing and related by kin to many of the great people of the day. His father was originally from County Kerry, a lineal descendant of the O'Moriartys and related to the present bishop Moriarty of that diocese, besides being cousin to the "Liberator of Ireland." Good family to start with, we may say. No wonder piety and eloquence were natural to the Doctor with such ancestry as his; while good old County Kerry whose wild dashing waves of the free Atlantic kept ceaselessly singing to the child of the free land beyond, in tones that could find response only in those who were born to live and die in greatness, shewed her fitness to be the cradle of patriots and orators.

The subject of our memoirs was the fourth born of four sons and of eight children, all now dead, save an only sister, Julia, who can look back along her line with thankfulness to God that hers at least died well for the Faith, *preux chevaliers et honnetes dames*. The Doctor's elder brothers, Daniel Lyon, John Edward and Eugene Michael, filled brightly and piously their respec-

tive paths in life. The first was a lawyer, then government officer, and finally we find him marrying the daughter of Governor Rollins of the West Indies. The second-born too was first a lawyer, but afterwards filled for twenty years the highly responsible position of paymaster-general in the East India service, where he died of climatic fever; while the third, after finishing his studies, went to join his brother Daniel in the West Indies, but died on the way at Barbadoes. All three youths were highly educated and true Christian gentlemen. Three of his sisters, Ann, Honora and Mary, died young when just budding into blooming womanhood. A likely family of brave sons and fair daughters.

Patricius Eugene Moriarty, the youngest of the four brothers, was born on the 4th July, 1804, and baptized by a clergyman from Arran quay Catholic church. So much for his parentage and birth. The full particulars of his early youth are denied us, the more's the pity, since it would greatly interest us to learn what manner of child the man was, who in after years gained so much renown in the Old World and the New. Certain it is that he was led to the Sanctuary by his pious parents, to serve the Lord in His Temple, and doubtless he had the same battles to fight as most men have who leave kith and kin for "the better part."

The young Patricius entered school early at the age of five in an academy in Denmark Street, which his father had erected for the instruction of Catholic children. The course of teaching was wholly Catholic in tone, and under the supervision of the clergy. The names of some of these have been preserved us—Fathers Harold, McGowan, Sennett and Walsh.

Such was his youthful love for holy wisdom that the silver medal for diligence and learning was awarded him

at the age of seven. Under these good priests he remained for two years longer, when the academy was closed in part by their death or occupation in other pursuits. Thus far we can track him after a manner, discerning clearly every now and then the tiny scintillations of his future genius. He was now eleven years of age. After this he was sent to a private school for a short time, and about his twelfth year was withdrawn at the death of his father,—a sharp blow that he stilled however by more earnest attention to his studies. It was during this period that the celebrated Augustinian bishop, Doctor Doyle, took notice of the young Moriarty, and with something akin maybe to an intuitive perception of the youth's hidden worth, had him entered at Carlow College, where he studied until his sixteenth year. We have it from one who was his coeval that his deportment there was such as to make his companionship coveted by all his fellows for his bright mind, his cheerful disposition and more than ordinary attention to his studies. It was under the guidance of his great patron, Dr. Doyle, that he now betook himself to Callan, in the County Kilkenny, to the Augustinian Convent, where he entered in 1820, and began the study of philosophy, with whatever kindred studies that usually accompany this queen of science.

The aspirant to the ministry in the Catholic Church has never much choice about what he has to study. The *curriculum* for the priesthood is fixed, and whether secular priest or religious, he has the same general course of mental and moral lessons to con, whether he study in Rome or Valparaiso, only that in the Orders the course is longer and more thorough.

The Augustinian discipline is not different from this. With them as with all in religious houses, there was the unavoidable opening course of logic, of mental and physical philosophy, together with the math-

ematics and chemistry.* This ordinarily took up three years, and whether the *alumnus* was smart or dull, this was sure to be his fate, before entering the portals of theology, the queen of revealed knowledge as philosophy is of the human. The course of theology took up another four years. And all during these long years of study, had each student day by day in turn to write and defend his thesis (*questio* or *question* as it is not inaptly termed in school parlance, mayhaps from the mental torture it brings the youthful knight, who is bound by the rule of the school to bear the tilt of every opponent of his theses). These cover all the ground passed over in his class-books. And by the way this species of mental training has its counterpart in the moot-courts of law schools, and no course is better adapted to draw out the talents of the scholar than to have him put them to continual test.

In the monastic schools, the long and careful training in dialectics is a school of wits. No befogging there of the mind, but acumen and clear, crystal-like reasoning. And although subtleties may therein have first found their birth, they are such as to call forth and test most amply, the prodigious resources of brains devoted to lofty thoughts and broad views on every science. The famous schoolmen are proof sufficient for this verity. Moreover it is requisite for each defendant of a thesis to establish his position clearly, to have all arguments brought to bear properly, all objections answered and all sophisms exploded. Then each adversary must be answered in turn, and well

* "The disputative powers of the Augustinians were far-famed from the earliest ages of the schools." *V. Newman's Historical Sketches of Universities*, p. 330, and again, "The practice of holding disputations *Apud Augustinenses*, colloquially called, 'doing Austins,' continued down to the introduction of the new examination statute (in the university schools in England, A.D. 1800). They were held in the School of Natural Philosophy every Saturday in full term; and every B. A., after his Lent determination, was bound to dispute there once every year, either as opponent or respondent, before he could proceed to his Master's degree."

answered too, for great is the shame and long the disgrace for one who, after preparation, hasn't the grit to hold his ground against cavil and untruth. Dr. Moriarty owed doubtless much of his skill and success in controversy in after days (for good logician he was averredly), to the large preliminary practice he had at Callan and afterwards in Italy. And such is the training the Levite gets; in some places better, in others inferior. Thus does the Church rear up her soldiers from the very cradle, we might almost say, for the deadly warfare to be waged against sin, heresy, error and abuse. In college or monastery-halls, the training is almost alike. It is carried on from year to year in philosophy, theology, moral, dogmatic and polemic, in history sacred and profane, Scriptures, liturgy, and canon law. For the Catholic priest there is no limitation of duty. His is the world to conquer, to teach mankind. Passions must be guided, the afflicted soothed, the erring warned and the humble taught. Each and all come to the altar of God for their share, the idiot, the statesman, the felon and the monarch. Well then must he know the medicine for each, to curb each passion of the heart, to counteract each distorted fancy of the brain, to guide each soul onward wisely to the goal.

Dr. Moriarty was sent from Callan to the Holy City in 1820, at the request of Dr. Doyle, to complete his studies, which he carried on at the general study-convents of Perugia, Lucca, and the mother-house of *Sant' Agostino* in Rome—the famed *Cenobium S. Augustini*, so well known to tourists for its lofty proportions, its noble corridors, its richly decorated church and its world-renowned library—*L' Angelica*. Here he pursued the accustomed studies till his ordination to the priesthood in 1828. We will here step back for a moment to describe an event in his monastic life, that generally, as it did with him,

marks an epoch. It was St. Catharine's Feast-day, the 25th November, 1825, that the Church of *Sant' Agostino*, began from early noon to be filled with reverend ecclesiastics, prelates, members of religious orders and with maybe a scattering here and there of laics attracted by the *cartel* affixed on the church portals for the information of the public, that "the Rev. P. E. Moriarty will, in public debate, take upon himself to defend the following theses," etc. And here follows a goodly list of propositions culled from the dogmatic theology and ethics. This was his turn at the "*disputa*" or debate, we referred to on a previous page. Every scholar of mark in the Augustinian school, had to defend publicly, at stated times, theses taken from his class-books. These *disputas* were not infrequent, nor were the theses easy. Strangers were there, some as friends, and others as opponents, for the lists were free to all, but all tending, as is natural, to abash by their presence rather than encourage the youthful aspirant to honors. It was certainly a critical moment. Success would mean ulterior promotion, defeat—well, such a thing was not to be thought of. The knight that failed to win his spurs might bid adieu to any hope of condolence and the scholar that failed to keep his laurels would find hard work to retrieve his name. We must pass over the details of the *duello* of words and wit in which Father Moriarty and his opponents spent the allotted time. Enough that St. Catharine must have helped the young combatant in the theological arena, who had chosen her his patroness. The Doctor won the day, and what is more the proud distinction of being complimented in no measured terms of praise, by that great churchman, and sterling patriot the illustrious Augustinian—Doyle, who presided at the *disputa*. Right fitting was it, too, that the great defender of Ireland's liberties at home,

should crown the future defender of Ireland's Faith abroad.

The Doctor was ordained priest, the 28th of January, 1828, and almost immediately remanded to Ireland on missionary duty. This was a great sacrifice to the Doctor's hopes and wishes, and must have caused him much deep inner struggle to submit to a life so distasteful to his natural feelings. But the spirit of obedience triumphed in the soldier of the Cross. We find him now setting out for home, hopeful however all along his journey that the father-general might perchance relent in his course and countermand his orders. We find him now at Pisa, where he became acquainted with Lord Byron, then at Genoa, where had just arrived a Brazilian fleet, bearing to his last home one of the princely scions of some noble house. The chaplain of the fleet, it seems, had died on the voyage, and the Doctor quick to see an opening for him here, volunteered to replace him, if his superior would assent. Again he entreated the father-general to allow him to enter this new sphere of action, to sail under South American colors, but no! came the word in reply, just as he had, to use his own expression, "all his traps on board." There was now not a single ray of hope for a reprieve. Onward he went by Switzerland, through France, till he got to Bordeaux. Once passed it was very certain there would be no stepping-stone till he got to Kingstown harbor. It was his *ultima Thule*. Again he petitioned, and even prayed the father-general to pity him. In the meantime, the Cardinal Cheverus, the archbishop, received him right hospitably, and thinking to divert his mind from its engrossing gloom, gave to his charge the parish church of Chateau St.-Julien, until the general's letter should arrive. The Doctor's versatility of resource turned here to good account. The Sunday of his taking possession of the parish, he gave his flock a good

reminder that they had no stranger among them, by turning round at the Mass and giving them a good old-fashioned sermon in classic French. Thus he whiled away the torturing moments, 'midst hope and fear, till the close of the autumn. The letter came at last. It was most decisive, nay even imperative, of immediate return. The die now was cast. The Doctor crossed his Rubicon, and on the 1st December, 1829, we find him stationed at the little Augustinian Convent in John's Lane, Dublin, a member of that community.

The Doctor's lines however seemed to have been cast providentially among the great. As in his earlier years we find him the *protégé* of the illustrious Doyle, so now had he for consorts brethren whose names alone should avail to nerve the most timid even to deeds of heroism for Mother Church. Here was stationed with him the sainted Gahan—Father William Gahan, and who that reads the English tongue, but knows of him as one of the most gifted ecclesiastics of the century?—Gahan who alone was fit to adorn an era, the most zealous of the zealous, the hard-working, earnest, untiring laborer in the vineyard, and Father Nicholas Molloy, the gifted preacher. In very truth it was a little circle of brethren that made Augustine's name honored by their wisdom and exalted by their virtues, even in that land of sages and of saints. In Dublin, Doctor Moriarty worked and waited patiently and eagerly, with the sick and the sinner, ever prompt to shrive the weary at the confessional, or to preach the Word from the pulpit, and here he inured himself for those tasks he was afterwards to be called to bear on the shores that had been watered by St. Thomas's blood and illumined by a Xavier's zeal. It was during his stay at Dublin, that he got permission to go to Portugal on a visit. He loved travel dearly, and although Portugal was at that time in the midst of civil war, yet

what mattered it? Had he not come to see foreign lands? to study the customs of the country? The merchant vessel that carried him ran the blockade into Oporto. There was some excitement as a matter of course, and some resistance too. All were taken prisoners, the Doctor among them, but shortly released, and now the Doctor found himself safely landed where he wished to be. Although the kingdom was divided among the partisans of Donna Maria and Don Miguel, each a claimant to the throne, and travel thereby made less pleasant, nothing could daunt our hero. To him all difficulties were but a relish, a part of the programme gotten up for his sole amusement. His travels—and how varied they were, through that land of the olive, his escapes from the soldiery and hordes of bandits that such wars always bear, his sight-seeing of the cities and provinces, his acting as friend and Samaritan to the poor wounded of either side, would almost sound as fiction, did we not know how checkered a life was his.

It is a foreshadowing of the indomitable courage the man afterwards displayed in India and America, and the natural result followed. In his meanderings around that classic land of the Cid, he was entrapped and made prisoner, and only released by some ambassadorial contrivance as a non-combatant. During his stay he travelled very extensively, making valuable observations regarding what was of worth, until his six months' furlough had expired, when returning to Dublin he continued to live with his brethren until the year 1834.

We may notice here that this incident just related seems the forecasting of a life full of strange adventures, yet of happy endings, that were to mark him so plainly as one that God had reserved for great deeds and stirring events.

We will relate one in which the Doctor afterwards took so prominent

a part. It was the schism of Goa in the East Indies. The Catholic population in the Presidency of Madras, or more properly in and around the city of Goa, had for many years been a festering ulcer on her fair history in that once sainted land of the apostle Thomas. A schism was busy there between the Catholic hierarchy and the Holy See. It was called the Schism of Goa, or of the Catholics of *San Thomè*. Though the full details are not likely to be known, at least for a time, it were well for the reader to pause in these pages, and learn the origin of the abuses that have served so much to loosen the ties of religion, not only there, but in all the Portuguese dominions, and for that matter in very many other countries of the civilized world. India had been settled by the Portuguese under Vasco de Gama as far back as 1495. Then the new settlers were pious, zealous and devout, and their prelates remarkably attached to Holy Church, while she in return for the obeisance of their kings had allowed them ample favors and privileges. To Philip III especially was she lavish in her benisons. To him she waived her right of filling the several sees independently of the monarch's choice, and allowed him a voice in the appointment of the various prelates whose jurisdiction lay within his domains. This concession, on the part of the supreme Pontiff Paul V, was given in 1606 and is called the right of nomination. Yet it was not peculiar to the Spanish monarchs alone. Others too had had it given. In fact every Catholic king in his turn had had at times this or similar prerogative in reward for his docility to the faith. As long as the son proved dutiful to his Mother, the Mother deemed it only meet and proper for him to propose from among his subjects such as would to his good knowing honor the mitre. The tiara of the Church in those old-fashioned times was dearer to the prince than his own diadem. It

was a true union of Church and State. The king's nominations were judicious, and the selections probably the fittest. Both Cæsar and Peter worked in unison for the honor of God and fatherland, the one suggesting the means and the other approving of the end. Would it not be wise to wish for a return in these our own times to the same goodly spirit of amity? Or is it Utopian? Must the Pope be ever struggling for even the catacombs? However, while this right of nominating prelates to their various sees was a boon when wisely directed, it became a curse when acted on from only worldly motives, a source of rebellion against the Church, by proposing and presuming the elevation to the hierarchy of not the best, nor the holiest, but only menials, time-serving churchmen, and that on grounds of mere state policy. In such case the Sovereign Pontiff has but one line of action to follow, he withdraws the right of nomination, and thenceforth continues to make his own appointments regardless of the whims of the monarch.

The right of appointment, as we have noticed, was given to the Spanish kings by Pope Paul V, and was withdrawn sixty-seven years after, on the 10th November, 1673, by Pope Clement X.

This was the remote cause as alleged for the schismatical course of the Indian hierarchy of Goa, first, because as they complained, Pope Paul V, had solemnly vested the right of appointing to the see of Goa, in the kings of Portugal and Algarves and their successors, and secondly, because Joseph I, by decree of May 6th, 1765, had ordained that "no papal rescript, constitution or bull of the court of Rome was to have any force without previous royal approbation."* Both reasons are simply inconsequential, the first because such concessions are neither perpetual nor irrevocable,

* V. Madras Catholic Expositor, Madras, 1838.

and the second, because the Church in her own household is pre-eminently supreme.

The immediate causes however of the schism seem to have been petty rivalries between the various religious Orders, with encroachments on one another's prerogatives, besides a jealousy of the several appointments of Rome to the various sees and vicariates. Such was now the state of affairs in and around Goa in 1834, and with little difference throughout nearly all India. About the date we treat of, Pope Gregory XVI had erected (April 18th, 1834), the apostolic vicariate of Bengal, intrusting it to the charge of a Jesuit Father, Robert St. Leger. This was the most important of the three Indian vicariates in Hindustan, its capital city of Calcutta being the residence of the supreme governor of the East Indies. Besides it there was the apostolic vicariate of Thibet, which extended into India, under the charge of Father Anthony Pozzoni, an Italian Capuchin, who was also bishop of Esbona, and vicar-apostolic of Frederic Cao, bishop of Zama and vicar in Ava and Pegu, while the third was the apostolic vicariate of Madras, erected by the same Pope Gregory on the 25th of April, 1834.

Thus Goa suffered as all will and do suffer who live in rebellion. They were very near losing their faith. Their clergy were ill-lived, and trained in the spirit of pride and resistance to lawful authority. Pampered by state patronage, they yielded to Cæsar what belonged alone to God and His vicars. The people, as a matter of course, were ill-taught too; their missions ran to weeds; their schools were without learning and their sacraments abandoned.

It was this deplorable condition of religion in the East Indies, that had called for the vigilant intervention of the Pope, to save to the Faith the land that the Apostle Thomas had once brought to the light of the Gospel. We have seen how Pope

Gregory provided for the other two provinces of Hindustan, and how in the same year, 1834, he erected Madras to an apostolic vicariate. He would also defer to the desire of the English speaking inhabitants and residents of Madras, and the provinces subject to the presidency of Fort St. George, and send thither an English-speaking bishop.* He, therefore, preconized on the same day its first vicar, the Very Reverend Father Daniel O'Connor, an Augustinian, for many years provincial superior of his order in Ireland. In this Pope Gregory seems to have inaugurated a new departure from the policy of his predecessors, by seeking to infuse new blood into the sluggish veins of the Eastern hierarchy. Father O'Connor had been recommended to this position by Archbishop Murray of Dublin, and his confrère in the order—Dr. Doyle, who had also been his preceptor in the College of New Ross. Father O'Connor lacked not outside friends, as he had been on frequent terms of amity with the Duke of Wellington, Sir R. Peel and other men high in state. Accordingly he was consecrated, August 3d, 1834, in the little Augustinian chapel in Brunswick Street, Cork, receiving the titles of Bishop of Salda (in Africa) and Vicar Apostolic of Madras. As his orders were imperative, he began immediately to cast around for volunteers for the land of the Indus, and, with the assent of the father-provincial, took with him Dr. Moriarty and nine other priests and students, who hoped to restore to the Augustinian missions of Goa their former *prestige* in zeal and learning. The Augustinian hermits had first come to Goa in 1572, being twelve in number, under

Father Antonio de Paixao, their first provincial. They soon increased greatly in numbers and influence, and, in 1830, they had the two Catholic churches of Calcutta, with all the churches in English Bengal, under their charge. They reckoned in all about fifty members, besides three or four at Macao, and from twelve to fifteen in Bengal and other parts of India. For nearly a century the bishop or administrator of *San Thomé* or Meliapore near Madras had been a religious of this Order, while the only nunnery in the city was that of *Santa Monica* of the Augustinian nuns, about thirty in number, who were much respected for their industry and exemplary life.

Up to this time the Portuguese Augustinians had charge of the mission of Meliapore, while the Capuchins, chiefly Italians, had that of Madras. Bishop O'Connor was placed over both. On his arrival, his first move was to communicate with the schismatical vicar of Meliapore, or of *San Thomé* as it is sometimes called, to seek to dissuade him and the clergy under him from their scandalous course.

Dr. Moriarty who, from the outset, had been chosen by the bishop as his secretary and vicar-general, was in this and subsequent interviews with the schismatical clergy his mouthpiece and adviser. Success seems to have blessed their labors. In 1838, the 24th of May, the schism was spent* and possession taken by bishop O'Connor of the vicariate of Meliapore,† on the feast-day of our Lady of Consolation, chief patroness of the Augustinian Order.

* We know this from the Doctor's own lips, who, in describing afterwards the particulars of his reception by Pope Gregory, often related that almost the first words spoken him by that zealous and overjoyed Pontiff, were, "Dr. O'Connor has crushed the schism of Goa."

† In 1629, Don Father Sebastian a San Pedro O.S.A., was first bishop of Meliapore and afterwards bishop of Cochin, and finally archbishop of Goa. He completed the building of the cathedral of Goa, as it now appears, and consecrated it anew. He died 1630.

Much historical information on Goa and its missions may be found in the work of the Rev. Denis L. Cottineau de Kloguen, styled *An Historical Sketch of Goa, Madras*, 1831.

* A memorial had shortly before been presented to Parliament by the Roman Catholic inhabitants of Madras and the provinces subject, showing the great need they had for a clergy speaking their own tongue; that the priests in Madras were almost exclusively French, Italian and natives, and that while Protestant Presbyterian ministers were recognized by the government, no such provision had been made for its Catholic subjects, etc., etc.—(*V. Madras Catholic Expositor*.)

Thus ended the great contest between proud revolt and just submission to lawful authority, that for years had imperilled countless souls in the East. The land of St. Thomas was once again to bloom with the flowers of Christian piety, and its temples resound with *alleluias* chanted in unison with the hierarchy of the universal Church.

Of this joyful change, Dr. Moriarty had been witness from the beginning. Ever-watchful of the interests of Holy Church he was an earnest co-worker with his bishop to support the authority of the Pontiff among the highest and the lowest. And revered by the pariah he was also esteemed by the peer for his lovable social virtues, his geniality, his buoyancy of spirit that nothing could dampen and his stern upholding of the right that scorned all compromise.* While at Madras, besides the labors necessarily weighty of his office as vicar-general, additional ones were allotted him as chaplain of the British forces stationed there. In fact he was the first Catholic chaplain officially recognized by the English government since the times of Queen Elizabeth.

Always on the alert for the welfare of his beloved soldiers, it is related that on several occasions, when the troops ordered to distant outposts in the jungle gave distrustful and not ready heeding to the command, Dr. Moriarty was wont to place himself at their head, and so inculcate through parental love what military discipline failed to teach. On one occasion, in an affair requiring great coolness and wariness of action, the Doctor would not go with them on an expedition that seemed to entail considerable anxiety from the well-known unreliability of soldiers when under the influence of drink, until by his description of the evils that were sure to happen them, both from a military

point of view as from the moral outlook, he had brought them all to their knees, when standing at the front, he recited with them a pledge to abstain from all intoxicating drink.

Thus the Doctor initiated on the banks of the Ganges his campaign against intemperance, that he was the first to proclaim in 1841, in another hemisphere, on the banks of the Delaware. It was also for the benefit of these his *enfants de guerre* besides that of the citizens, that led him to start the publication of tracts (known as the *Madras Catholic Expositor*) for the dissemination of Catholic truth. By such and similar good offices in the cause of faith and morality, the evil remembrances of the schism gradually wore away, and pagans and Protestants united in their lauds of a religion that acted as the champion of good order and virtue.

It was while stationed at Madras that the Doctor exercised to the full his magnetic talents over all around. Here he was thrust in a foreign land amid a foreign soldiery, and not that alone, but one of a foreign faith too, of one in which they had been reared to cast obloquy on his Faith and taunts of viciousness and ignorance on his fellow-clergy. Nor had their opinion been bettered by their intercourse with the native clergy of India, who were, as we have remarked, a schismatical and scandalous class, and schismatics are not the models reason would suggest as instances of propriety and order, nor the ones to conciliate aliens in religion when themselves give such open token of revolt. The English powers felt more or less disgust for such moral degradation, which, though not their policy to preserve, they were unable to correct. What wonder then that the learned, jovial, quick-witted priest, so companionable, so clever, so fresh from the schools, with all the buoyancy of a comrade, as poetical and eloquent as an Oriental himself, should endear himself to the English rulers and

* This testimonial to the Doctor's good services in the cause of Religion and order appears from a letter addressed him by his bishop, Dr. O'Connor, in 1844.

officers? And right good friends they were. There was between them a fellow feeling that deadened all political and religious animosities, and showed them only as men, kindly, generous and true. It was a feeling of admiration, and even of more than that, of deep esteem for the priest. Nothing that he did not do to enhance the priestly dignity. No peril so great as to cause him to shirk his duty. Whether it was to visit the lazar-houses, to confer the last sacraments on some poor wreck of humanity, or brave the terrors of a midnight journey through the jungle, nothing could deter him from ministering to the sorrows of his fellow-men. He was a knight-errant of the Faith, always on the alert for calls on his sympathy or his duty. And Doctor Moriarty was a man—generous to a fault, noble-hearted as one well could be, with all that dignity besides that comes from natural refinement of character, and which with that other dignity of the priest made him attract all to honor and revere him.

The East India soldiery took a most *unique* way to honor their favorite. It must have been heart-felt anyhow. It was nothing more or less than for the officers of his regiment to hold a solemn meeting, to deliberate on the most fitting way to convey to their loved chaplain their sentiments of esteem. They accordingly met; conferred together and, after proper interval, voted that the highest honor they could possibly pay him, their esteemed comrade and beloved chaplain, was to make him a member of their mess. In very truth a soldier's way of paying a soldier's compliment, yet a right graceful one it was, when we learn that the British officers' mess-room is as sacred almost from the profane tread of outsiders as a Polynesian *taboo*.

It was now almost four years since Dr. Moriarty had come to India. During this period he had witnessed

the downfall of the schism, the establishing of rightful authority, the interchange of kindly feelings between citizens of all views and the aurora of a new era for the Faith. It was the dawn too of a new era of prosperity in the history of the Catholics of Hindustan. His bishop decided now to send him to Rome to report the good tidings to the Holy Father, and Propaganda too would naturally wish to hear good account of their mission. Dr. O'Connor commissioned him to attend the summons. He was also the bearer of an address of thanks, signed by twenty-seven hundred of the Catholics of Madras, to his Eminence the cardinal prefect of Propaganda. On Dr. Moriarty's arrival at Rome he was handsomely honored by the Holy Father. At a private audience accorded him by the Pontiff, he received such eulogy as would amply repay for the hardships of a lifetime amid the malarial jungles of the East. But the Pope would honor him in right royal manner. It was not enough to praise his labors alone. He accordingly conferred on him the title and dignity of doctor of divinity, and besides offered him the position of coadjutor to Dr. O'Connor in the episcopacy of Madras, with the right of succeeding him in the bishopric. This we have from the Doctor's own lips. He refused the mitre, however, preferring to withdraw now to the peaceful quiet of the old monastic cloisters of *Sant' Agostino*, where eighteen years before he, now the honored of the Father of Christendom, had entered its portals as an humble votary at the shrine of wisdom. Here he would stay, yet not even now was he allowed long time to rest. There was work to do, and he was to do it. The father-general had been requested to send aid to the Augustinian missions in the United States. The brethren there were very few, only three—Fathers James and Nicholas O'Donnell and Thomas Kyle,

while their labor in inverse ratio to their numbers was very great. The Doctor, who was always at the head of some forlorn hope or other, was intrusted with carrying help to this mission; receiving as commissary-general of the province of Philadelphia, full power over all its subjects, with the right to build churches, found monasteries and receive candidates for the Order. One hemisphere had already sung his praises; another was soon to learn to re-echo his fame. Both Europe and Asia had testified to the greatness of the power of this man, whose zeal and learning had helped to crush a schism, and whose native oratory, so brilliant and so varied, was a fitting channel through which to pour forth on enchanted multitudes the words of the Holy Spirit, from pulpit or rostrum, whether among the cultured European, or the drowsy yet poetical child of Vishnu, or the soberer yet not less accomplished people of the West.

The writer of these pages should perhaps crave digression for a moment, to enter brief protest against any possible misapprehension of his sketch. Though he warms evidently to his theme, he is no sycophant, and none quicker than he to own the folly of fulsome praise in a subject such as this. On the contrary he would be the fair, impartial writer of the Doctor's life, not concealing his merits nor overlooking his faults. Yet withal he too is human, a lover of virtue, at least in others; an admirer of the great; a worshipper of genius. Can he then be blamed if he prove somewhat enthusiastic or seek to express his sense dogmatically? to hold his own views in preference to others' opinions in matters of option? The Doctor assuredly was great, great in many ways that only a lofty mind, another such as his could weigh and balance, while we so little should seek reverentially to look at him and imitate his virtues, who in after-life soared as much above us as

giants are 'bove pigmies. An admirer then may well be pardoned if he strive to throw such light upon his picture as shall bring out full and clear all its lines and tints and fair proportions, and ward off such shadows as would mar it. Waive then, kind reader, your opinions if they clash with mine. Pay homage only to the facts. The first are optional to admit or not, the last imperative.

But besides this wonderful sway which, as we have remarked, the Doctor held over his hearers, there was that in the appearance of the man that riveted the gaze of the beholder. Of middle stature, he was of that mien we are wont to couple with the *beau ideal* of a ruler. The Doctor was one you could not pass unnoticed. Not heavy, yet of full proportions, erect, firm and dignified, with a high, broad and massive brow, he walked the peer of the noblest. One would almost regard him as a man of martial training rather than a priest. You could easily detect in him a master-spirit. He looked every inch a man—a man of mind, of intellect, of will. But it was the face that impressed one most with admiration for him. His were not the features of an ascetic, cold, wan and harrowed with constant fast and vigil, as one that was working heavy penance for his wrongs. Such we can imagine old St. Anthony the Recluse to have been in his desert cell. Nor yet were they of the man of the world. They were too serious, too reverential for that. Fair they were, but there was naught in them of the time-server or the diplomatist.

They were peculiarly his own, firm, sturdy, and full of enthusiasm. None could ever forget them. They were classic, what we seek in a Chrysostom or a Montalembert. Besides, on a well-knit frame rested a head—a massive head, not round nor yet oval, but between the two, with every nerve electric, every prominence a study, with eyes deep-set,

dark, sharp and bright, telling of thought within, with bushy eyebrows and a mouth that would honor a sculptor's chisel. Eye and mouth were truer index in him of what his spirit was than any words could tell. His whole soul gleamed through them. There was firmness, pity, the boldness he afterwards displayed as a polemist, the resignation he bore in his suffering.

Such was the man that was sent to America as envoy of new hopes to his brethren, that were overloaded with the heavy work bequeathed them by the sainted Carr, in 1796. He had planted the seed of the first Augustinian mission among many thorns. After him its culture was intrusted to Fathers Rossiter and Hurley, and now came Doctor Moriarty to help it bloom. When he landed there were only three Augustinians in America, and sorely did they need his help. Their influence was great, but the increasing number of Catholics demanded an increasing number of co-workers. Rome sent them only one, but that one was a host, a very Hercules for endurance, graceful as an Apollo, learned as a Doyle, fluent as a Bossuet, and a man in the prime of life, in the fullness and freshness of mental activity, in rich ruddy manhood, with every nerve of steel, with every thought of amber; one who was fit to control and mould and create, as it were, a love of virtue, a love of patriotism, a love of faith among a people fit, in a word, to breathe new life into the Catholic Church in Philadelphia.

At no time perhaps more than at this, had the Catholics greater need of a champion. It was the same all over America. They were in sore distress from the arrogant tyranny of parties, some religious, others political, that in default of better quarry sought (as they always do), to hawk the dove of Christ.

Parties and party feeling have been the boon as well as the curse

of the United States. Charlestown, Massachusetts, had witnessed the beginning of the fray in the burning of the Ursuline Convent, in 1834; New York was now under the evil domination of sectarians headed by the Methodist Harpers; Philadelphia had had her recreant Hogan, and so on in every corner of the land, the Catholic was looked on as an enemy of mankind, a puny outcrop of European despotism, a wild beast of society, that every hand would do well to exile or burn.

Talk as one will, America the land where true liberty may flourish freely, has been the victim of every excess and false interpretation of its votaries. The Juggernaut never had, in the wildest days of paynim superstition, blinder followers of a misunderstood dogma. In all questions it was the same, in politics, religion, finance, tax, or trade, the extremest views have been held. There is no one of its 999 sects in religion, that does not hold some fundamental opinion diametrically opposed to that of another, and the same divergence is rife in all other cases. In one part of the Union, Catholic Maryland had a century before proclaimed the right of freedom of conscience for all her citizens; in another, Protestant Massachusetts had burned the Quakers, because they would exercise the same dear boon. At one time, Calhoun by a stroke of his pen favored the nullification of state rights; at another, Jackson by a sweep of his sword, swept away the whole system of United States banking, while to-day, one vast party upholds free trade, and another the protection of home industry, which involves, however, exorbitant custom-house duties, and so the very spirit of the people, unguided or misguided, tends from early infancy almost to taking sides on all questions. Whenever there is a lull or *quasi* cessation from party argument, then the Catholics are attacked, for the purpose (one might suppose) of not keep-

ing their hands idle. In the early days we speak of, in 1839, Catholics were advised not to interfere with either side, to stand aloof. Free-men forsooth would not hearken to foreign intermeddling in their home interests, and were not Catholics the minions of a foreign despot? So argued fanatics and sectarians, and while good patriots were generous enough to invite foreigners to their shores, to share the benefits of true government, after they were come, these others were unjust enough to give them more kicks than half-pence, because they wished to be free in reality, to worship God as they wished, and not the American eagle.

At the present time we are not so illy treated as then, for numbers and influence give us a respectability that cannot easily be overlooked, especially at the polls, where the Catholic population can either make or unmake a candidate for election.

But in those days the Catholics, though eminently respectable in point of talent, of virtuous life and genius, were by far in the minority, and very weak in influence. In fact they had none except what was accorded to individual merit. Accordingly they were the victims of every gunpowder plot fanatics might wish to fancy. Such then was the condition of most parts of the United States in 1839, and such was the condition of the Catholics of Philadelphia on the Doctor's arrival. They were but few, scattered, downtrodden, downspirited and looked on as outcasts and felons. To profess one's religion was to invite a kind of social ostracism, so that it seems almost providential that one had come both able and willing to help them assert their rights. The Doctor must have seen at a glance the woful state of affairs his fellow-religionists were in. No need of much acumen for that, but great need of courage to dare attempt to beat down the barriers of falsehood, calumny and abuse. Many a time has he said that when he

first came to this city he was shocked, and even almost disheartened, at seeing the weakness of his people, and their neglect of the holy practices of their Faith. There would be maybe of a Sunday only four or five at the communion rail, and in the class of Christian Doctrine he found but thirty children, and these taught by only one teacher, while so impressed all seemed to be with their utter helplessness, and the dire necessity of their doing or saying naught to hurt the hobbies of their dissenting brethren, that strong men would tremble, and their cheeks blanch with fear at his bold denunciations from the altar of Protestant error and fanatic oppression. However, the Doctor was one who would neither be considered an alien, nor have the Church so. He would have her free from even the shadow of toleration by Protestants. At least he would be free—free in his coming and going, free in his speech and free in his doings.*

For was not he the peer of the noblest? and need we say that he succeeded? that he triumphed among the white savages of the East as the Jesuit Father De Smet, good old apostle, was doing in the West among the red? Yes, he did triumph! They calumniated him first, it's true; then they even burned his church, but the blaze of the burning sanctuary that bade adieu to his home was but the harbinger of a new light to come, of the light of popular admiration with which the Doctor was hailed in after-years, when he had reached the zenith of his glory. The smoke of calumny could not darken it. Besides, Americans like stamina, daring, and the Doctor had it. They like the gift of speech (*vulgo* gab),

* This freedom of speech and action of the Doctor was what he sought to gain for others. Like O'Connell, he was opposed to every species of tyranny and slavery. Often and often has his eloquent tongue rang out in fierce denunciation of the inhuman practice of slave-keeping. And of it he had had sufficient proof during his travels and residence in various parts of the South. An oration he delivered in New York some fifteen years ago on the evils attending the oppression of the colored race called out the warmest praise of Horace Greeley.

and oh! who better than he could convoke a gathering of hearers, and keep them spellbound too? They like learning, at least a fair show of it, and Doctors Tyng, Durbin and others who assailed him, were soon advised of that at their cost. On his arrival he found but five Catholic churches in Philadelphia, St. Mary's, St. John's, St. Joseph's, Holy Trinity, St. Augustine's, with many people and poor attendance. It was an herculean task to unite his co-religionists, to embolden them in their faith and lift them up to the respect and esteem of their fellow-citizens. It needed a bold heart indeed, to have to combat, weekday and Sunday, the bitterest passions that mother Eve has handed down to us. It needed learning, too, to combat every error prompted by fanaticism and ignorance, that was held up as an argument against the Church by her enemies. It needed perseverance beside to follow up for over thirty-six years of missionary life, the quick, sharp warfare against vice and sin. The Doctor was not a believer in the doctrine of passive resistance. No sitting down for him to await the blow. He forced the fight. Others might sheathe their weapons if they would, but he would not. In New York, Bishop Hughes worked for years to raise up his Catholic citizens to their proper level. Yet he did it, and what he did for New York, Dr. Moriarty did for Philadelphia. He gave them a standing, religiously, politically, and socially. They had besides for their representative a scholar and a gentleman. And it was he that made known their claims to respect for their manliness, to admiration for their virtues, to honor for their patriotism, and as firm believers in that Faith, that while it alone preaches the divine Word, it alone is the true exponent of real liberty.

Dr. Moriarty, as we have stated, came to work. Work was nothing new to him. It had been the dream of his early days, and his love for it was

ever untiring even when at the sunset of his life an assistant had to bear the wearied old hero to the altar. And in very truth work was not lacking. He sought it; he invited it and he welcomed it.

With a native restlessness in him that would ill brook rest or quiet, and his bright burning love for the Faith that would not stand insult or calumny, he early inaugurated, at St. Augustine's church in Philadelphia, a series of sermons, explanatory of the chief dogmas and tenets of our Faith. These were masterly and full of research, and were as cogently clear in their exposition of the truth as they were supremely open in their lashing of error. The Doctor was free in his speech on every topic. He had already tired of hearing Catholics denounced as hypocrites and idolaters, and while his sermons on the Blessed Eucharist were models of rich exposition of biblical knowledge, of patristic lore and of the most recent exegetical discoveries in that line, his taunts and counterflings of ignorance and malice on his opponents, especially on the Methodist preachers, were as incisive as an adder's tooth. These were always snapping at us Catholics, always provoking abuse on the Catholic Church. It was wholly misrepresented (as when was it not?) and so far had their enmity gone, that a band of twelve preachers, whom the Doctor with telling effect styled "the swaddling menagerie," went around, inciting riot against it and against the Catholics. We recall the names of some of them. There was a Dr. Tyng, a Dr. Durbin, an Irwin, and an R. W. Landis, of Allentown, Doctors Berg and Kirk and—the rest we forget. Anyhow, they sought to carry out their purpose by issuing a pamphlet embodying numerous reasons for discountenancing the hire of Catholic help, the giving of aid to Catholic charities, etc. Against this unholy and unchristianlike mode of warfare, the Doctor girded himself in right ear-

nest spirit as became the Moses of his people. Like some ancient Roman gladiator or Christian martyr, he leaped alone into the arena, to cope single-handed with men more savage far than any wild beasts. Accordingly, in the latter part of 1841 and the beginning of '42, he delivered a course of nine lectures, and so fierce was his onslaught, so biting his sarcasm, so unbearable his ridicule, and so unanswerable his arguments, that no rejoinder was then even attempted. The "swaddling menagerie" migrated. Baffled malice hid its face and fled, and the pamphlets were withdrawn from circulation. It was time too. It was a shame on the intelligence of men that a religion should be scoffed at, that had borne a Lafayette, a Barry, a Moylan, a Fitzsimmons and a Carroll.

Philadelphia needed badly a daring leader for her few Catholic citizens, and it was about time that every itinerant fanatic who fancied he had the gift of the Spirit should be silenced. And St. Augustine's soon became a famous place of meeting. It was the trysting-spot where Catholics flocked for fresh supplies of mental weapons to fight their demented foes. And oh! how these hated that church. Vandal fury never burned more bitterly against him of Hippo than the smothered rage and venom of baffled malice hissed and fumed against him of St. Augustine's. It was noised about before long that the Catholic party was active, was rising in fact to advance their own interests. Much comment was excited at this, and many surmises hazarded at the proper line of action others should take. Was not the Protestant religion in danger from this fanatic priest? and then the liberties of the whole United States, were not they too in jeopardy? People must see to this. It was quite a serious matter for Catholics to be talking about liberty, and freedom of conscience, and so on. Their proper place was to be governed, and

not to govern. That would never do. And so St. Augustine's became famous among Catholic and Protestant and all flocked to hear the great preacher Moriarty, evolve in his own masterly fashion the truths of the Christian religion. And probably he has done more than any other priest in America towards familiarizing non-Catholics with the doctrine and practices of Catholics. Catholic and Protestant, all felt the masterly way in which he treated his subject, and all bowed to him, if not with conviction for his arguments, at least with admiration for the scholar's way of putting them. These sermons on the Eucharist were followed by others preached in many places and on all kinds of occasions. Was the corner-stone of some new church to be laid? The ceremony was incomplete unless the Doctor preached. The same at the founding of asylums, before literary societies, at the blessing of new organs, in aid of charitable institutions, or at funerals, in a word, wherever there was a want the Doctor was called on to fill it.

Besides all these gratuitous exertions on his part, he had the work of his own church to attend to, work at the confessional, at sick-calls and funerals. All this had to be seen to, and yet we find him collecting for charitable objects in nearly all the cities of the Atlantic States, in Brooklyn, Charleston, Savannah, Detroit, Boston, Buffalo, from Cape Cod to the Gulf of Mexico, from the Atlantic to the Mississippi. He was everywhere, never resting and yet never wearied.

In 1840, November 1st, he preached at the laying of the corner-stone of St. Matthew's Church in Washington, D. C.; at St. Philip Neri's in this city, and at St. Patrick's (1841, July 4th) on similar occasions; also at Charleston, August 1st, 1851, at the laying of the corner-stone of its new cathedral. But it would be impossible to enumerate the countless places he officiated at in the course of his long mission.

In 1842, October 9th, he was called to Washington on an important occasion. It was at St. Matthew's Church again. His theme was: "One Lord, one Faith, and one Baptism." It was nearly two hours in its delivery, and was listened to by the President of the United States and the *corps* of ambassadors and *attachés* of the foreign legations. The wonderful fertility of the Doctor's language and thought, his quickness of resource at almost a moment's notice, was publicly commented on and recognized as the art of a master only. Two instances will serve to show his genius in this respect. They both occurred in Washington. On one occasion, in 1851, the Doctor was at Baltimore. It was the 23d of March that he had been called there to deliver a lecture in aid of the Orphans' Home which was under his charge. The same night a messenger came to him from Washington, with an urgent request for him to preach the funeral sermon the next day over the remains of Madame Carvelho. She was an American lady of many accomplishments of mind and heart, and earnest in her practice of religion, well known to all the *élite* of Washington society, and the wife of the Minister of the Republic of Chili. As the event called for much pomp and solemnity, those who had charge of the arrangements had invited a eulogist of some renown in due season, but at the last moment he declined the office. It was only then that they heard of the Doctor being in the neighboring city, and, naturally enough, had recourse to him in the dilemma. The Doctor assented to preach. That evening he passed with his friends in social amusement in Baltimore, and the next morning, the 24th, started off for the capital, without having for a single moment apparently made his task the burden even of a thought. Arrived at Washington, he found a brilliant gathering at St. Patrick's Church, of

men distinguished in all the walks of life. There was the President, Major-General Scott, Webster, and nearly all the foreign ministers, already awaiting his coming as the signal for opening the ceremonies. The Doctor's eulogy of the deceased lady was admirable. As an instance of impassioned oratory, it is said to have been a masterpiece of rich, fervent resignation to the will of God, of the portrayal of the matron's virtues, her charity and her lifelong devotion to her religion. The *New York Herald* had it in full the next day. At a public banquet given shortly after to the assembled dignitaries of Washington, Daniel Webster took occasion to compliment the Doctor publicly for his masterly oration. It was by such rapid, unprepared outbursts of eloquence, that he so easily established his fame as an orator. He has told the writer of these pages that on his entering the sanctuary railings, he had not a single thought of what was to be said, beyond a few general points of information that were current of the lady's life, etc.; but that when he saw seated directly in front of him the Minister of England, that then he felt an inspiration, a daring, a resolve to show him and the land he represented what the sons of Erin could do.

His second great triumph at Washington was on the occasion of a convention of the American Bible Society, which had met under the chairmanship of John Quincy Adams, to form an Evangelical Alliance, as it was called, of ministers of all denominations. In reality it was the inauguration of these periodical gatherings we witness in our own land, and in others too where under the guise of promoting religion by a course of healthy, united co-operation in the interests of virtue and morality, the ministers of different sects meet to unite really in only one thing—their undisguised hatred

of everything Catholic and their virulent falsification of everything Roman. Dr. Moriarty chanced to hear of this meeting, and induced Father Boyle of St. Patrick's Church to go with him to see what was doing. On entering the crowded hall—I believe it was the Hall of Representatives in the Capitol building, or maybe it was the Senate-chamber,—Dr. Tyng of New York was speaking on the necessity of distributing the Bible among all classes. So far all well. But in his discourse he alluded to the Church and to the Irish Catholics in the most offensive terms. For them he had no others than such as are prompted by the vilest feelings. He denounced the ignorance and superstition of Catholics, and the Irish as a low, besotted race. The Doctor listened to this diatribe to the end, with what feelings of scorn and pity we may well imagine who know how his faithful patriotic soul never slept when the cause of Faith or fatherland was assailed. To the end he remained passive. In fact, he had been so far unnoticed by the assembly. At the close of Dr. Tyng's speech, he quietly said, "Mr. Chairman, have I liberty to take the floor?" They now knew who he was. "Certainly," replied Mr. Adams, inviting him to ascend the platform where the dignitaries were seated. It wanted nothing else. In an instant, as quick as the wild outburst of some mountain torrent, there flowed from the Doctor's lips such a stream of controversial eloquence that wholly turned the tide of false impressions left by Dr. Tyng in wonderful admiration for the speaker.

He answered him argument for argument; he denounced his calumnies on the Faith, his unprovoked assault on his own land, and concluded by calling to witness every stone, every column in that vast pile, reared to the genius of religious tolerance and civil liberty, to give the lie to the Doctor's imputation

on the Irish Catholics, of ignorance, want of patriotism, or unchristian-like life. It was a magnificent rejoinder. Dr. Tyng offered him an ample apology, by disavowing all unkindly motives in his remarks, and so ended the first Evangelical Alliance in this country. The fairness shown by both the chairman and the reverend scholar might have been commendably imitated at the late Evangelical Alliance in New York, where another scholar and honest man, Dr. Ewer, I think, of Virginia, was silenced for his attempting a similar reproof of the narrow-minded illspirit shown by its chief promoters.

Bostonians must remember well the brilliant course of lectures the Doctor delivered in their city on "English Misrule in India," a subject he was fully able to handle in masterly style; nor does Philadelphia forget his frequent lectures in aid too of her abodes of charity; his *exposé* of spiritualism, so forcible, so ludicrous and yet so conclusive, or his discourse on "Music" given in St. Augustine's Church at the opening of her new organ in 1852 or '53, an amazing display of the most melodious oratory, and the wonderful copiousness of his research into the subject. And in after days, when the fair walls of the Academy of Music had reached completion, no brighter mind enchanted nor sweeter voice re-echoed through the thousands there assembled than Doctor Moriarty's. He was the first Catholic lecturer and priest to speak in this Academy. His first lecture there was given in November, 1862, and his last, the last time he spoke in public, on the 17th March, 1875, on the "Antiquity and Perfectness of Irish Civilization," in aid of the Sisters of the Good Shepherd. Every year it was his wont for many years back to deliver two lectures at least, one in the city of Washington in aid of the hospital under the care of the Sisters of Charity, and the other here in the Academy for the House

of the Good Shepherd. He was besides a warm and constant patron of the orphans of St. Joseph's Asylum in this city, and year after year (till increasing infirmities forbade him,) did increasing multitudes throng there to hear the silver-tongued Nestor of the American rostrum. His name was ever a guarantee of success, of ovations, that we may well say that never priest in America gave longer and brighter token of the dignity of the priesthood, of the learning of her scholars, or the daring of her sons, than did our Doctor.

His sermons, chiefly polemical, were of a different cast from his lectures, and more like the massive blows of Augustine's pitiless onset against the African Manichee and Donatist than the sweet words of peace of a Bernard. Yet at times did he singularly soften, especially in his discourses on the Blessed Virgin, on Grace, or Heaven. His funeral sermons were always grand, full of pathos, breathing of earnest resignation to God's holy will. At St. Michael's church, Philadelphia, on July 19th, 1856, he delivered probably his finest funeral discourse. It was on Father Sheridan, the pastor, and the many others of his flock, who had been slain or burned with him by a grossly negligent wrecking of an excursion train on the North Pennsylvania railroad. We might say that never had a hecatomb of saints been hurried sooner into eternity in a more frightful agony than these, nor man a more beautiful elegy sung over his remains than was the Doctor's oration, delivered as it was with all the bitterness of grief and plaintive pathos of a brother priest and friend.

But if he surpassed all by his mighty reaches of genius in the pulpit, in the rostrum he surely outshone all by the magnificence of his words, the brilliancy of his thoughts and the fascination of his action. He was singularly suited to be an orator. His was a voice, a bearing, that needed only the toga, to carry

one back to the palmy days of yore, to the storied sages that graced the Athenian academy and Roman forum. As an index to the remarkable melody and power of his voice, we may remark that it was one of unequalled richness and sweetness. It had all the softness of a lover's plaint, all the power of some mighty chieftain haranguing his braves to battle.

It was a voice of remarkable compass. Its natural tone was, in musical parlance, styled a baritone, or perhaps a *tenore robusto*. Of an endurance most unfatiguing, the Doctor was never known to weary. He could speak continuously for hours, and without an effort. More than that, many a time has he kept his audience spellbound for all that time. Most Philadelphians will even yet remember the beautiful way the Doctor had of chanting the church music. The Gregorian chant, as is known, requires in its ministers not so much a knowledge of the technical details of the art, as a soul to read properly the sentiment to be conveyed. Dr. Moriarty understood this fully. He felt deeply what he sang, and what grandeur in the old priest's chanting of the Mass! To hear him was alone a treat. What expression, too! His voice, clear and full enough to fill the mightiest cathedral dome, would yet give each inflection to every tone of the sacred song. Often and often did he for many long years sing the entire office of the *Tenebræ*. All know how fatiguing that is. And besides, for years was he accustomed to chant the whole Passion, until latterly, when his strength was failing, he would sing but the two parts of the Evangelist and Christ, leaving the third to the choir.

But besides the charm of his voice, nature had lavished on him another gift, the grace of gesture. In it he was a master. Eyes, lips and hands were all as obedient to the breathings of his genius, as Eastern caitiff to his master's will. What expression in his features! What appositeness of gesture!

Even tragedians, actors grown gray on the Thespian arena, or aspirants to forensic eloquence, would come and sit beneath the shadow of his pulpit at old St. Augustine's, and learn how masterly even in small details were the preacher's words and acts, when inspired by the spirit of the Most High. God had certainly distinguished him in this respect.

And then his language. There was a splendid, a fascinating way in his whole oratorical manner that riveted the attention of thousands when he spoke. For who could make bolder flights than he or who so well? Who had a more rapid, more impassioned flow of stirring and picturesque wording? Who could excite so easily feelings of sympathy and love, of abhorrence and contempt, or who had such resources of sarcasm? Who could spread such sparkling wit throughout a discourse, or who had half the humor?

The Doctor was a skilled master in all the weapons of oratory. Satire, ridicule and the most undisguised contempt would portray itself on his every feature.* These were among the ablest weapons he had in his well-stored arsenal of retort. For the Doctor was combative, and need we say his opponents in religion were the same? They had, however, met their match. His quickness in argument, his resources of learning and his inimitable wit and grace, were equal at all hazards to theirs. But when his Faith or country were assailed, then was he far, far their superior. Keener than Damascus steel and weightier than Norman falchion, fell his words of retort on the calumniators of his Church or fatherland. His foes might well have slept beneath the steel or borne the

falchion stroke right manfully, but his words they could not. They cut to the quick, they pierced to the heart, and there rankling quivered festering in the wounds, he gave to ignorance and conceit. Language cannot paint the scathing lightning-flash, nor words the withering sarcasm with which the Doctor paralyzed his luckless opponents. Few that felt the marvellous sharpness of his tongue even dared meet him again in the polemic arena. About the year 1840 or '41, a certain Dr. Durbin had fiercely assailed the Catholics in a book filled with foul aspersions on their name, besides continually attacking them on all occasions. The Doctor reviewed this work from the pulpit in a series of lectures on "The Relations between Protestantism and Catholicity to Civil and Political Liberty," to which he invited the attendance of Dr. Durbin. Whether he came or not we cannot state, but one thing at least, his pen was ever afterwards most respectfully silent.

Dr. Moriarty's polemic studies were a problem to be mastered. In them was the most resistless argument, from which there was no escape; there was method, rhetoric too with much Scripture reading and patristic lore, then history, science, all in fair array. In a word he abounded in argumentative resource, and brought them all Pelion-like either in support of his own thesis, or to smother his opponent's. Add to this his fine figure, his features all aglow with earnest indignation at the wrong, and he would recall to mind some old crusader of the Church, alone among a host of foes, himself a host, and one determined to do or die. His task all through his long public life, from 1839 to the year when physical inability debarred him from active labor, was herculean. The oftener he spoke in defence of the Truth, the more foul ran the stream of fanaticism and abuse. In default of scholarly reply,

* It was a clever answer he gave in Boston to a minister, one of the fashionable preachers of that Athens of America, who had attended a lecture of his, and was asked how he liked it, "Oh! I liked it very well, but the—the surroundings smelled too much of the stable." "Ah!" said the Doctor, with that peculiar naiveness so very expressive on occasion, "ah! indeed, I'm sorry for that. Still you cannot wonder much, as most of us present were followers of One who was born in a stable, and the smell clings naturally to us yet."

every species of low, unmanly cunning was brought to bear against him. An instance of this low deceit to arraign Dr. Moriarty at the bar of injured public opinion may be adduced here. In 1841, the Doctor, on starting the Temperance Society of St. Augustine's in Philadelphia (the first one banded in the cause of temperance,) had painted on their banner a figure of the patron saint of his Church, represented as trampling under foot the demon of ignorance and heresy. The painting was a counterpart of the magnificent statue of St. Augustine that used to grace the main stairway of the mother-house of the Augustinians in Rome. In this instance the devil was painted after the conventional way, black and with curled locks and horns. The enemies of the Doctor raised the cry that he was intent on the trampling down of the negroes; that he had even gone so far as to inaugurate St. Augustine's as the prime centre of all operations against them in this most unholy crusade, and that the people had best come to the rescue of their colored brethren. Popular indignation was naturally aroused against this daring emissary of Roman Catholic tyranny, and the poor innocent banner had to be withdrawn. So much had fanatic fancy distorted even the holy cunning of the artist's pencil from the real fact. Ever and anon too would the sectarian hordes of Philadelphia break out in muttered curse and threat against the unrelenting polemist of St. Augustine's. His sturdy defence of Catholic doctrine, his preaching the most unpalatable truths to his dissenting brethren, his unceasing warfare on malignity, low-mindedness and the spirit of vile abuse, with which his opponents retorted his arguments, although of incalculable value to his cause and the cause of the Church, was such that while it won for him the heartiest admiration of his own co-religionists, brought down upon him, however, the direst hatred of his

foes. Bishop Hughes of New York, on occasion of a visit to Philadelphia, praised the Doctor right heartily for his work and gave him his best God-speed in his mission for the Truth. The end of the argument was, that in 1844, the 8th of May, while the Doctor was absent in Savannah to preach there for some charitable purpose, they burned his church and convent in Philadelphia with all his books, about one thousand in number, with his paintings and everything else. One would have thought that in the nineteenth century, disputants might have revelled, by reason of its much vaunted superior progress, in other light than that of burning churches. Saracens might have been allowed their preëminence in this way of combating error, but for a civilized people to sanction such desecration certainly calls for some rebuke, the more merited that we Americans are popularly supposed to beat the world in originality of invention. Assuredly, then, they might have adopted a more Christianlike way of answering an opponent in argument than by burning his house. Lewis C. Levin was the chief participant in the onslaught against the Doctor about this time. It was strange, too, for this man had a most undisguised admiration for him, and often has the Doctor said that had he been at home that act of vandalism would never have been done "except over his dead body." Levin and he had been friends and were friendly even for years after the riots of 1844; a proof that while he hated the Doctor for his religion he could not but respect him as a man.

But it was chiefly on his native land that the Doctor could speak the best, and at all times. His lectures on Ireland are pure *chef d'œuvre* of eloquence. Patriotism was inborn in the Doctor in a marvellous degree. He never tired of holding up to the fond gaze of his fellow-patriots, and with all the devotion of a worshipper of genius, sanctity and

learning, his own most beautiful land. And richly deserving was she in truth of his homage, for richly had she inspired her son to perpetuate her glories. Add to this his varied knowledge of other lands, his acquaintance with their codes of law, their customs, manners, their habits of life, and you would acknowledge in him a surprising fund of thought to draw from in depicting the history of Erin. Like that other incomparable orator and ecclesiastic, in a later generation, the Dominican Father Burke, the Augustinian Moriarty sang sweetest when visions of his sea-girt fatherland shed bright halos around his mind, of a land unrivalled in story, a land of saints and sages, a never-failing oasis of learning and religion, which, amid the rough barbarism of Saxon, Frank and Dane, bloomed afresh, year after year, century after century, with sages, warriors, saints and heroes. His St. Patrick's Day's lectures, always on this subject, were real treasures of fervent patriotism, of learning and of history. Philadelphia at least will never forget them.

We may now be allowed to turn back our thoughts to what transpired after the riots of 1844, that had burned his sanctuary-home. In the September of that year, he left America for Europe to collect means to rebuild it. With a highly commendatory letter from the Rt. Rev. Bishop Kenrick, bespeaking for him the good wishes and kindly co-operation of his brother prelates in Europe, he started with Father Thomas Kyle, to canvass for the "sinews of war." He went successively through Ireland, England and France, lecturing by the way and bending his steps as the palmer of yore, towards the Holy City. In Dublin, his native place, he was presented to the Irish Repeal Association by his friend and kinsman, O'Connell, who presided over the meeting, besides being benefited by him in other and more substantial ways. Thence he travelled

to England, where he stayed off and on for more than two years. At Chester he preached at the laying of the corner-store of its church, and in Bristol, he was long and urgently besought by Bishop Ullathorne, O. S. B., to take up his quarters among them, promising to give him a church and a location for a convent, if he only would introduce his Order there. But the Doctor had other plans to mould. For a time he resided at Alton Towers, as chaplain to the Earl of Shrewsbury, and then he went to France, still to collect aid for his church in Philadelphia. But success gave him little to look for there. We lack here further details of his wanderings. However, we know that after a short stay in France, he returned to England, remaining most of the time with the Benedictine Fathers of St. Ann's Church, Liverpool, until 1847, when he was called to Rome. He was there elected one of the four assistants-general of the Order, with the title of assistant of Ireland and England. In 1849, he was sent to Ireland by the father-general to visit the several houses of that province, and in the spring of 1850, we find him once more at St. Augustine's in this city, the new church having been built in his absence.

We have now depicted his pre-eminence as a preacher and as a lecturer; may we not say a few words in his praise as a gentleman? as one who, by his social accomplishments, added still greater lustre, in a popular view at least, to his dignity of priest. St. Augustine's Church was the favorite church of Philadelphians, where they might come and be sure to hear the sweetest music and the richest expositions of the sacred text. It was a grand old temple of religion, and religious ceremony was there carried out in all the completeness of detail and splendor of decoration, that charms even involuntarily the casual visitor who may come only to scoff. And

the Doctor was the great high priest. Yet, with such a fund of natural gifts so befitting the gentleman and scholar, need we say that the Doctor's influence was very great even outside the temple? that he numbered in the circle of his friends and acquaintances, very many who were not of his views in religion? In Philadelphia all knew him. In fact, in every city of the Atlantic seaboard and even in many of the far West, his name was as familiar as a household word. And eminently worthy was the Doctor to number legions in the circle of his friends. Not a little versed in the ways of the great, he was courteous, affable and kind. No doors were closed in his face, and his name was an "open sesame" at the portals of the magnificent, or the doors of the poor. Genial as he was, he excelled as a conversationalist. He could fascinate as rarely men can do. When he spoke all listened; with mind so richly stored as his was with ancient lore, broad in its grasp of historic research, perfectly cognizant of current events, he was eminently fit to charm a *dilettante* or instruct a scholar. Rare and vast was his reading, thorough his mastery of the classics and familiar his knowledge of many languages of modern days. The French, Spanish and Italian he spoke with the ease of a native, and combined with them such a thorough knowledge of his theme, that comes usually from wide acquaintance only and much travel. Well read on all subjects, there were few on which he might not have enunciated views of his own, both novel and strikingly illustrative. Add to this his masterly power of description. He could interest as few men could. Old and young would dwell for hours on his rich melodious voice, telling of some Indian scene, with its jungles and Parsees and old world rites and forms, that would almost waft one back to the fairy tales of the Arabian nights. He was

besides an actor, and even a ventriloquist in his way. He could make you live over the scenes again with him, so vivid was his power, while his flute-like voice would mimic the tones of the various *dramatis persone* in most lifelike style, in the piping strains of the child, or the shrill hard register of the aged. At times pathetic, again majestic, but always charming, the Doctor, by the versatility of his gifts, might well grace the *salons* of the great or add increasing *prestige* to an academy of *litterati*.

Pleasant passed the hours with the Doctor as host. Simple in his tastes, the poorness of his abode was more than compensated by the courtly welcome of its occupant.

But not alone was he remarkable for his social attainments, nor did he gain renown alone as a public speaker. He was a writer too, as testify his countless contributions to papers and magazines on very many subjects. These were generally given in over some pseudonym, as *Ermite*, *Hierophilos* or the like, and were mostly confined to polemical rejoinders against his foes in religion or articles illustrative of Church customs and history. For a number of years he was a regular contributor to this magazine, of sometimes two and even three articles a month. In the October number of 1872, is a "Threnody of St. Augustine," a most beautiful lyric poem of six stanzas, in which he evidently poured forth his whole soul to God, in resignation for the heavy ills he himself bore of heart and frame.

Heard to greater advantage from the rostrum than in the studio, the Doctor's language sounds far better than it reads. His style was florid, richly ornate, and figurative, almost Oriental at times in that respect, and tending somewhat to redundancy. His periods were full and long, chiefly remarkable for the varied use of climax and antithetical arrangement, while his sentences were polish-

ed, well-rounded and even balanced. His use of words was eminently happy, especially his adapting of popular phrases of every-day coinage to clear his meaning, while the richness of his vocabulary may be well argued from a perusal of his *Life of St. Augustine*, which he wrote at the sunset of his day, a beautiful tribute of the son to his father and a rich portrayal of all the wondrous mercies of God in the conversion of that great saint. Apart from the many eulogies bestowed by the reviewers of this work of his, we may adduce the tribute of affectionate regard with which the great Brownson honored the labor of his lifelong friend. We cull briefly. The reviewer says: "Authentic materials for a life of the great Bishop of Hippo, now Bone, in Algeria, are abundant, in great part furnished by the holy doctor himself in his *Confessions*, that masterpiece of humility, contrition, tenderness, frankness, and burning love to God, and entire trust in his mercy; and Dr. Moriarty has used them with rare skill and judgment, and presented us a very full and charming life of the great patron of his order, which was much needed to fill a gap in our English Catholic literature,"—and further on: "Dr. Moriarty has given us a most excellent *Life of St. Augustine*, written with deep love and veneration of the saint, a genuine sympathy with the man, and a learned appreciation of the theologian."*

But while his name was so greatly revered by Catholics at large, and his example quoted as a brilliant model of the Christian priest and scholar, his own brethren did not fail to recognize his worth or make known their trust in one who so ably spread Augustine's name in every quarter of the world. This is shown by the many years during which he was the superior of their missions in these United States. He had come in 1839 as their commis-

sary-general; he was again chosen their superior in 1851, and the last time in 1866. From the first year of his arrival in 1839, when there was but one house in the Order and but three priests, he saw raised up gradually around in various States new churches and new convent homes. With one church only in 1839, they now number twenty-four in Pennsylvania, New Jersey, New York and Massachusetts.

For many years the Doctor was President of Villanova College. He was its first in 1842, when along with it he designed founding a manual labor school, conjointly with the College. The latter was afterwards abandoned as inexpedient. For many years too he filled successfully the mission-churches at Lansingburgh and Waterford, in New York, while the latter years of his life were spent at Chestnut Hill near Philadelphia, at his "Hermitage," as he loved to call it, a neat semi-gothic church with priest's house and garden attached, which he had built in 1856.

Here was the Mecca of his friends and followers. Here was he wont to recount the toils and labors of his long eventful life, and fight, as old warriors so love to do, his battles o'er in the polemic arena. And here too were those delightful reunions of old admirers and youthful worshippers, who would sit for hours by their Mæcenas' knee, and drink in deep untiring draughts the rich flow of his checkered experience and the warm friendly counsel of a life now mellowed with age and almost spent by sacrifice. And this spot, so endeared to him on earth, he abandoned only when the fell disease that had been for so many years sapping away his very life drove him from public gaze. For nearly thirty years he had been a martyr to that most painful malady, rheumatic gout, a martyr by his patience in suffering uncomplainingly the acutest torment, a martyr in his resignation to his

* Brownson's *Review*, July, 1873.

cross. How often have we heard him say that never once during the long years of his penance, did he pray God to ease him of his pains! Indeed he was so gifted with this marvellous endurance in suffering, that we may only explain it by his complete abandonment to the will of God. Save by an occasional, involuntary twitching of his features, none could detect in him the slightest indication of pain. Once, on a visit to Boston some fifteen years ago, he was taken suddenly ill by a freak of his old tormentor. A physician was sent for, Dr. Warren, to attend him. On noticing the frightful extent of his disease, the physician asked him how he could bear such pain without even a murmur. The Doctor replied, pointing to a crucifix that was placed opposite his bed, "There, when I feel like murmuring, I think what He suffered for my sake and without complaint." Dr. Warren soon after became a Catholic. His independence of mind and unwillingness to tax others by even such small offices of kindness as charity would suggest, upheld him so far that until the last few weeks of his life, he would allow no one to dress his wounds, although the exertion entailed on him great additional sufferings. Towards the close of his life, when his attendants had to perform this duty for him, they were shocked, yet strangely moved to compassionate admiration of a patience of which few men would be deemed able to bear even a tithe. His limbs were fairly eaten with ulcerous sores, that seemed as if they would soon lay bare all flesh to the bone.

He was now at the monastery of Villanova, the mother-house of his Order in America, where he had begged to be retired a few months before to prepare himself for his last end. He entered its portals in January, 1875, and on Saturday, July 10th, the feast day of the Seven Martyrs, he left them forever.

Thus he slept fortified by the holy

sacraments on a fair Sabbath eve, three hours before the twilight, rich in his merits, to awaken, let us hope, on the still fairer Sabbath morn, amid the blest with God, a grand old exemplar unto generations of men of what a gentleman, a priest should be.

On the 14th day of July, the funeral rites of Holy Church were held over all that remained of mortal of Dr. Moriarty. Over seventy ecclesiastics from far and near, besides many societies and confraternities of the faithful, came to pay homage by their presence to the sainted dead. One bishop, Dr. Quinlan of Mobile, preached his eulogy; another, but an archbishop, Doctor Wood of Philadelphia, pronounced over his remains the final prayers of the Church. And then they laid him softly, with fervent orison and chant, amid his brethren, under the shadow of the dear old church of St. Augustine, where he had ministered so long, which had been the scene of his earnest labors for Christ's sake, the arena of his battles and triumphs for the Faith and the shrine where old and young can now come in the gloaming and breathe a *requiem* over his ashes, and tell how in other days, as their fathers tell them, no Mass was read more sweetly, nor counsel given more wisely, to rich and poor alike, alike to old and young, than by the venerable hermit, who had taken up his abode there when their fathers were children, and now had come back to rest when their children's sons were men. There with his brethren, and where his sons will lie, rest his ashes, near his father's shrine. Revere them, then America! honor them, O thou adopted city of his life! for there lies a true man, a true scholar, a true priest.

No chiselled cenotaph points out the spot, nor ivy-mantled shaft bids halt! the passer-by, nor laudatory verse embalms his praise. Only a plain marble slab covers the ground where posterity will come and pray over

the vault that holds the ashes of three great brothers, the venerable Carr, the sainted O'Dwyer and now the gifted Moriarty, but none will be remembered so well in after days, as he who was the protector of the poor, the patron of the orphan, the great defender of God's Truth, the famed hermit, Doctor Moriarty.

THE MAIDEN AND THE FLOWER.

FROM THE FRENCH OF CHATEAUBRIAND.

THE coffin sinks—a weeping father bends,
And drops on it a rose, as it descends ;
The earth that bore them closes o'er the pair,
And hides from every eye the young and fair,
The Maiden and the Flower.

More blessed than if they had been doomed to stay
And perish at the last by slow decay—
The hand of death that cropped them in their prime,
Has but translated to a kindlier clime
The Maiden and the Flower.

Thou art at rest, Eliza ; and secure
From all the woe that we must still endure ;
For life is a vicissitude of ills,
The heat that scorches or the frost that chills
The Maiden and the Flower.

Thy Sire still lingers here, but with a brow
Which grief has made more pale and wrinkled now,
Like some old oak, whose trunk survives the storm,
That levelled in the dust each frailer form,
The Maiden and the Flower.

"THE WAY OUT."

"THE truth is, mum, if you'll let sech as me speak to sech as you, and the Lord, he ken estimate the distance betwixt us fur better than us as isn't used to the immense in any line, ef you'll let me say it, this here isn't the way out uv it! No, sir! mum. I beg your pardon, but you *must* see I'm not used to speakin' to sech as *you*!"

He was large, burly, in fact, and his face was round, and laughing, and the worse for the weather, as regarded complexion. The hand with which he made graphic gestures as he spoke, was knobby, and red, and toil-marked generally. His figure was enveloped in an old army overcoat, the cape whereof hung in tatters which bore a grotesque likeness to fringed festoons. The other hand, not making the graphic gestures, held a heavy whip, which looked as if it might have been in use from "time immemorial."

"The way out of what?" It was such a furtive, such a desperate, such a shuddering question! And she who asked it, was so small, so fragile like, such a very shadow of a woman in the dark archway of the dark bridge on which they stood. The soul of the big man rose into his eyes as he looked and listened, a very tender and a very chivalric soul, if those speaking eyes said truth.

"Out uv your trouble, mum—fur I reckon I'm not fur wrong in sayin' as you hev that there. I sees you a leanin' over," he pointed, with one of his graphic gestures to the hand-rail of the bridge, "and sez I, 'She aint a admirin' the water jest now! that there aint the way they hold their heads, when they're a admirin' it. No, sir (I was a talkin' to myself then, you know). *She's* a wishin' as that there water was a closin' round her, an' Lord, but she's a makin' a mistake.' Jest at that,

you ups with your hands, mum, and I catches you jest in time. Fur you must excuse me, but *I knowed* it wasn't the way out."

"What better?"

The answer was a rude gesture, but grand. He pointed to the dark, magnificent firmament, studded with its numberless globes of light. She followed the upward motion of the hard, rough hand, and for the expression of sorrow and of hope that grew into her eyes as she did so, it might have been the beckoning of an angel's.

"You see, mum," and the big man's voice fell to an indescribably gentle tone, "life *is* a puzzle to most of us, and a mighty cruel one to all, ef we don't look *there*. But somehow, lookin' there shows us the way out fur better nor keepin' our gaze on what *we'd* call the way. Come, now, let me take you home, mum; out uv the cold, you know. When you git in there things'll look dif'rent."

"Home!" and the fragile, slender creature, standing in the shadow of the cold, dark arch, clasped her hands with a gesture of desolation not to be put into words. She said no more, but as if in answer to the unspoken thought the name contained, he spoke, and his voice was husky, and held a tremor strange to a voice coming from so huge and so apparently rude a frame.

"Well, *I* hev a home, mum; a queer one, but you might find the way out through it, fur all I know. Lord! won't the old woman be s'prised though. We don't offen see visitors."

He chuckled with a sort of delight that was more like a boy's than a man's, as she followed him with a tread that might have been a spirit's, so light was it. He walked before her, looking back at intervals to say,

"Comin', eh? all right!" and then proceeded onwards, chuckling anew at each repetition of this performance. She followed steadily but silently, her dark-robed figure more like a shadow as it moved thus than even when it stood under the arch. It was not long before he stopped at the door of a very strangely shaped little house, and flinging it open, a burst of light leaped forth, and enveloped the shrinking figure, which, taking by the hand, he led across the threshold, only to see it fall just inside, motionless, and, to all appearance, lifeless.

"Poor thing!" he blurted out ruefully, "mebbe this here's the way out fur her, Lord!" as he stooped and raised her gently to a lounge near, "it's dreadful to find any human bein' so light. Hi! old woman! old woman!"

At this another door sprang open, and new light leaped forth, from some unexplored quarter of the place, in the midst of which light stood confessed a little, round, rosy woman, so little and so round and so rosy, that you could not help immediately picturing her to yourself, as the mistress of the well-known "shoe," who "had so many" children she didn't know what to do."

"*Why*, Hiram!" piped her treble voice, as little as herself, but quite as round and clear in every tone, as would be expected to issue from such rosy lips, "*What* is it?"

"A woman, my dear, as is dyin' in this here home of ours, an' Lord, he knows, fur he's used to knowin' that which can't be knowed by us, what heart's a achin' fur a sight uv her this here very hour."

By this time, though, the rosy little woman was up to her eyes in business. The unconscious creature's wraps were quickly unloosed, her hood taken off, her hands and feet chafed, some drops of cordial, smelling of spice and generous spirit, put to her stiff lips. The big man looked on in a state of wonder, only

equalled by his simple and irrepressible admiration of the work and its results.

"Lord, what a miracle uv a old woman *you* are!" would escape from his lips, or, "how she knowed it, when we never saw no one in sich a fix before," or, "I tell you what, sir, it's like bringin' the dead to life—it is."

At length the rosy little woman's cares were rewarded. Upon the half-merry half-solemn scene, opened a pair of tear-laden eyes, and looked softly around.

"Better, my dear?" whispered the rosy little woman, "Yes; don't speak. Where are you? Why, why," and she looked all around the tiny smiling room, with its light and cheer, its comfort and repose, notwithstanding its utter absence of wealth's tokens, "at home," she promptly added, as if the glance suggested the words, "And, my dear," piped on the clear, little treble, "you'd better be quiet, and not think at all. *I* wouldn't, just now." Here, with a dimpled, rosy hand, she smoothed the black hair, falling over the lounge almost to the floor, to the complete bewilderment of the big man, who gazed on it like one in a trance. To whom, then, the little woman winked, and pointed towards the door from which the new burst of light had leaped; he immediately disappeared over its threshold, shutting it after him as he did so.

"Now, my dear," said she, the piping voice taking a sweet tremor, "you are alone with a woman, and a woman that has been tried, and if there is anything you want done, say so; *I* don't know where he found you, or why he brought you, you know, but *I* take it that God sent you, to be safe to-night, and safe you are, thanks be to him. Is—for instance—is there any one you'd like to be sent word you *are* safe?"

A light shudder ran over the slender frame.

"No, no," whispered the hitherto silent lips; "better they should think me dead."

"Better," asked the rosy little woman, "better, my dear, for them, or for you, or for God's love?"

"God! I had forgotten him, for I believed he had forgotten me."

"But you know now it was he brought you safe here, don't you?"

"If I'm safe—yes! *Am I safe!*" She sprang up with a strength and life that amazed the rosy little woman.

"I am pursued by an enemy from whom I would have hidden—oh! God, forgive me—in the depths of the river. Am I safe here? If I am, then God did bring me to you."

"Safe as gold," said the rosy little woman, and she closed the shutters, and barred and bolted the funny little door.

"Now, my dear, I'll give you a few drops more, and you'll sleep, and you'll forget, putting yourself in God's keeping. To-morrow we'll talk, and see what's best for you next."

"In God's keeping." The words echoed through this wearied heart as, under the touch of the rosy little woman's fingers, the tired head composed itself to rest. They were magical fingers, for soon that head which had sought the river's slimy bed found repose in slumber.

Then the rosy little woman stole through the door in such a manner, that you would not have known it opened or closed again, or that anything of flesh or blood had passed through. You never saw such a fire-side or such a scene. The room laughed from ceiling to floor. I think this ubiquitous laugh commenced in the heart of the fire, which roared and sputtered and bubbled in a manner quite contagious in itself. From thence it leaped and climbed, and even danced, always on steps of light, to every corner. It pervaded the table, where a queer service of blue delf

for two stood challenging you to accuse it of having once confronted you on your grandmother's tea-board. It found refuge in the visages and figures, nay, even the china hair of the pair of crockery lovers on the mantel, poised in killing attitude for dancing. It bounded madly over the paper birds swinging in impossible branches on the walls, and it seemed to settle itself down for a good rest, in the sombre ridges of the rag carpet, till, taking a thought from the stripes of scarlet and red therein interspersed, it gave an unexpected bound, and lit softly and lovingly on the head of the big man, now bared of its slouched hat, and revealed gray and somewhat bent, in its ruddy aureole.

To whom, said the smiling little woman, pointing beyond,

"Resting, old man. Now I must see to you."

He smiled a broad comprehensive smile,—a smile that could only have found perfection in a long life of honest contentment.

"Wonderful little woman," ejaculated his lips, when they had done smiling.

"I don't know, Hiram." But his own beautiful smile was reproduced on the rosy lips. "Look here," with a very child's delight.

"Wonderful, little woman," again, and he drew up his chair to the table, with a boy's gusto and a boy's appetite alike expressed on his face. A dish of the most deliciously cooked, the most juicy, the most tender and savory broiled chicken, that epicure could wish for, awaited his eager palate. These, served out by the dainty carving of the rosy little woman's hands, and set off by rolls and butter, coffee and apple pie, formed a meal that a king might have envied, at least in the appreciation, and consequently the enjoyment of it, by its master.

"You don't eat, old woman," said he softly, in one of the pauses from his herculean exertions at de-

molishing it ; "are you thinking of anything?"

"Yes, my dear, I am," and her eyes—they were blue—suddenly held dewdrops not there before.

"Of a night like this?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And you weren't an old woman then?"

"No, my dear."

"You're not now, for that matter, only we say so, to lessen the mighty distance, that the Lord, he knows well, is betwixt your age and mine."

The rosy little woman here betrayed signs of choking on nothing. Whereupon he shook his gray head.

"I wouldn't, dear! You're thinkin' of the night when God sent you to bless this here life o' mine, eh?"

"Don't call it that, but the night you snatched me from death, and then gave me new life, to make up for the past—this, this sweet life in this dear, little home," and the piping treble quite gave way here, and lost itself in sobs.

"Don't, don't take on so, my little woman," and for want of words, which were entirely exhausted by this speech, the burly figure left its seat, and the knobby hands tenderly took her drooping head, and lifted it up from where it had laid itself on the table. The rosy little woman dashed her tears away.

"It isn't because I'm sorry, Hiram," she said; "not that. But I think of the night I wandered about the streets, a little starving child, and because I was starving, I stole a pie from a stall as I passed it. It all comes up before me now, my dear; how the policeman saw me, and how I was set upon, and chased and chased till I got on the bridge. And right before me, people from the other end of it, darted forward to stop me from running any more. And what did I do, rather than be caught?"

"Why, little old woman," and it was something refreshing to see his eager excitement, as he took up the

story, "you made the purtiest jump over the hand-rail uv that there bridge, an' plump down in the river, that ever could hev been took! You couldn't see yourself, you know, but I did from this here very shore. Down you went; an' them a hollerin' an' a cursin' fur dear life, on the bridge. But you bumped your poor head agin a snag, I reckon it was, poor head." He stroked it as you would a little child's. "I ken see it bleed now. Lord! when I think uv it, I sometimes believe I ken feel it ache. While they were a consultin' an' talkin' round big, an' you was a sinkin', I offs with my coat, an' I ins to the water, an' I swims to you. Lord! what a dead little thing you was, to be sure, when I gits you in here. This here place," and he paused to regard it admiringly; "didn't look like this, then. No, sir; you're the one as has changed it."

"But you're leaving out, Hiram," and smiles broke over the rosy little woman's face, "how grand you acted when I told you I was a thief, and how you said you'd keep me, to teach me better, instead of giving me up to the law, and oh!"—her delight here grew irrepressible, and vented itself in taps of the dimpled hand on his burly shoulder—"how you did teach me better, not so much by talk as by your own life, and—and—"

"And so," the big man concluded, "when my little house-keeper as changed my house an' my life too by her bright way o' doin' things might a left me, she ups an' stays with me fur life, an' is happy, though no little child of ours ever lived to leave the cradle fur any other bed but its little coffin!"

"Yes, my dear. That's the end! An' the little coffins," but the piping voice paused very like a voice hushed by tears; "each counts an angel waiting to make the home beyond what we would have liked this to have been here!"

"Talk!" cried the big man standing up, and commencing his graphic gestures, "talk o' *me* hevin' done anythin' grand. Lord! when I got at an' built this here little shanty with my own hands, all but the chimbley, an' it come out all wrong in the shape at that, gittin' laughed at ever since. Lord! I put a roof over my head, but did I build a home? No, sir; who covered the bare walls with purty paper, an' the shelves with shinin' chaneys, an' *made a fireside*? An' who smiled from it for me, an' waited at it fur me, an' was brighter nor lamp or fire? An' who gave me the angels a waitin' beyond, to look forward to?"

She found herself taken tenderly to his heart, the heart that has been her shelter and her protection from all peril for twenty happy years of the simple life with which God had blessed her in that humble home.

"Now, old, awful old woman! never say no other word about this here business, but that *you're the one* as had all the *grand* doin's here! An' go ahead with what got you on this;" he pointed to the closed door, "it was her."

The rosy little woman nodded. "You want me to—to treat her, Hiram, as people like her are seldom treated. You know, my dear, she may be guilty, but that won't make us turn our backs on her till she's found the way out!"

"Never!" and a thundering clap on the table from his knobby hand attested the earnestness of the promise.

"For you see, my dear," pursued the piping voice in a tone so tender it reminded you of a flute in the distance, "I believe—on—on account of my own story, that if the guilty were helped, and if they need it, taught instead of hunted and disgraced, many a soul would be saved! What *would I be now*, if my crime had been treated as they who were after me would have treated it, and what *am I now*?"

"This old man's blessing!" Then

the knobby hand clasped the rosy dimpled one in that beautiful clasp where hearts tried by time and proved by trial can still meet in love, more beautiful, more constant, more steadfast, than the love of youth, with its delusive fancies.

II.

"It was madness, last night, and you have saved me from it!"

She was sitting at the supper-table crowned with the antiquated blue delf, twenty-four hours later, and she was speaking to the big burly man, awkwardly presiding thereat and seated opposite to her. He was gazing at her like one just awakened from some extraordinary dream, the bewilderment of which still clung to his half-clouded faculties. How small she was, and how delicate, yet what a queenly grace crowned the poise of her intellectually shaped head, and how majestic was the look upon her low white brow! Her face was fair as a lily, and marked by perfection of outline, but colorless now, and the expression sad beyond words. The eyes were dark, flashing gray, determined eyes, but beautifully suggestive of tenderness. They looked up into his humbly, as he answered no word to her straightforward speech.

"Why, what's the matter, Hiram?" cried the little rosy woman reproachfully; "why don't you answer?"

He passed his hand across his eyes.

"I—I'm thinking—maybe dreaming," said he; "*is this the lady I brought home last night?*"

"I am indeed," she answered.

"Would you, ef it aint takin' too great a liberty, tell me your name, mum."

"No liberty; my name is Verner, Cecilia Verner."

"I'd never know you this evenin', mum—an' this here name! *It's* wonderful—leastways, the ways uv

the Lord is—but then he's used to knowin' what's ahead!"

He looked at her meditatively.

"This here's the reason," he went on, as if pursuing a train of thought, "that the way out uv trouble is to face it, an' take hold uv it, instead uv tryin' to get out of its track; it's because we can't see ahead, an' the Lord, as can, mum, he put it there *to be met!* Ef it's met, he furnishes the way out, or my name's not Hiram Sloan!"

"Sloan!" she echoed wonderingly.

"Yes'm, Sloan, your father's drayman, ever since I could guide a horse, fur I take it Cyrus X. Verner was your father!"

"He was!"

"He was the best friend I ever knowed, mum; to him I owe the ground an' the makin' up o' this here little house, though it's to the old, old woman there I owe the home part uv it. But, therefore, mum, this here house is yours, an' the home part too, if you'll make use of sech as it is—not fittin' I know, fur sech as you! That's to begin with. Now to end with: what trouble *ken* so foller Cyrus X. Verner's daughter as to drive her to this?"

"You know my father died in Europe about a year ago," was her answer.

"Yes, mum; hevin' giv up business here on account uv his health."

"Well," in a low and clear, but terribly despairing tone, "if I am discovered now, it is to be accused of the murder of my father, and denounced with very little hope of defending myself from the fearful charge! Is not the grave preferable to that?"

"No, mum," was the prompt reply; "as long as God knows you're innocent, he'll make a way out fur you! *You* murder that there father as you loved so you wouldn't marry to leave him! O no, not ef *my* name's Hiram Sloan!"

Slowly, sweetly, the color crept up

over the fairness of her face, and the lids drooped down upon the look gathering in her eyes, lest it might tell the story the words brought to the aching heart beneath.

"Miss Celie," said Hiram Sloan, "there's law fur such as this, an I'd hev it ef I was you! *Who* accuses you?"

"The doctor, who attended my father, and travelled with us. My dear father died very suddenly, and his disease could be hardly considered the immediate cause of his death. He was very much attached to this doctor, for he attended him constantly, and indeed, I must tell the truth here in order to make the story understood at all. Doctor Orenberg wanted to marry me, and my father approved, but I—"

"You, excuse me, Miss Celie, you was 'faithful unto death.'"

Again the color tenderly crept up over cheek and lip and brow, but her voice said trembling, "Hush, that is all over now!"

"You don't mean—"

"I mean," and she compelled her voice to a strange steadiness, "that Laurence Atwood is dead—to *me!*" The old man's face lit.

"Somebody's been a tellin' you a lie then," he cried, "ef you mean he's untrue in any way! Lord! didn't everybody in the warehouse, Miss Celie, know your story, and how *you* perferred your father's clurk to the jackanapeses dancin' round you in the parlor o' nights, an' how it 'id a been a match, only you clung to that there father to take care o' him? An' now, Lord, what a wrong way out, somebody must a' led you into, to git you to the river's edge, whin I know, that there Laurence Atwood, as ruz from a errand-boy to be chief clurk in Cyrus X. Verner's countin' house, is sittin' in his office this very minit, true to you, an' dyin' to git a chance to take care uv you fur the rest uv his life!"

This was too much; her face was buried in her hands, and a tempest

of sobs shook her frame. "It was sudden to tell it so, Hiram," said the rosy little woman, compassionately; "joy is as great as sorrow—to a woman."

"But, my dear, she thought he was untrue," said Hiram, reasoning in simple fashion, "an I *hed* to tell it then, you know!"

"I was told he was engaged to marry a very rich lady, and his letters to me ceased. Several of mine were returned unopened. What could I think?" said the object of the foregoing colloquy.

"*Who* told you, Miss Celie?" asked Hiram.

"Doctor Orenberg, some time after my father's death; he told me as a piece of news; he did not seem to know about Laurence and me at all!"

"I bet it was only seemin', Miss Celie, an' I bet he ken tell about them there letters!"

"I must explain to you the rest of my position with him. After my father's death, he produced a paper bearing his signature, and directing that I should marry this Doctor Orenberg, or forfeit seventy-five thousand dollars of my fortune. I said I would sacrifice it, and hoped then to be at peace. Instead of that, I have been followed by him everywhere, and pursued with his attentions. At last I determined to come here, and seek refuge amongst the old friends of my father. He followed me and found me last night at my hotel. I had but just arrived, when he was shown up to my parlor, and there he told me that he had kept this measure as a last resort, but now I compelled him to it. My father's stomach had been analyzed after his death, and traces of poison had been found. The glass in which I had mixed the last dose of medicine he ever took, had been found to contain the same. He held the proofs of this; he could also testify that I, with my own hands, had administered this. If I would marry him, he would be silent;

if not, he would denounce me. I was in despair, alone in the world, believing Laurence untrue—feeling, that, even if it turned out in my favor, a trial in a court of justice for murder of my own father would be a sort of stigma in itself! I—I promised to marry him, solely for the purpose of getting him away for a time, and then I determined to put an end to my life. As soon as he left me, I hurried to the bridge, and, but for you, would now be in eternity!"

"But for God, Miss Celie, he knowed how driv you was, an' how good you had been, an' he seed ahead, an' put it in my mind to watch you! Now see ef his way out o' this here trouble isn't better than the river!"

She smiled, she watched him wistfully as he donned hat and coat, and proceeded to get out.

"Stay you here, Miss Celie, with this venerable old woman o' mine," said he, cheerily, "an' think o' happy things to come, fur they're comin', sure."

III.

"THERE is but one way out of this, Hiram, my man," said Laurence Atwood, when he had heard the astonishing recital; "the law is slow; the publicity would be painful to *her*, and she has already suffered too much. But the man," he set his teeth together with an expression in his eyes that told the deepest indignation of his soul was aroused, "the man who would thus persecute a woman is a coward, and we will work on that." He took down a revolver, and loaded it.

"How is *your* muscle, Hiram?" and he smiled a grim smile.

"Well, sir, this here arm ken hold the strongest horse in this here city, yet, ef he gits to cuttin' capers," said Hiram, returning the smile with one its equal in grimness.

"Then you can help me."

"Sure!"

The young man's face settled into an expression of that sort of determination, which even death cannot remove, but can only stamp there more legibly than it stood in life. It was a thoughtful and a beautiful face, set round by lightly curling brown beard and hair, and the eyes that lit it up with rare light were large and brown. The old man silently followed him out, a gloating expression, one of infinite gusto and irrepressible triumph dwelling on his weatherbeaten countenance.

Dr. Orenberg, sitting in a luxuriously furnished private parlor of his hotel, dressed in the extreme of the fashion, amusing himself with the gossip of late newspapers, and sipping costly wine, was surprised by a knock at his door, about an hour after this.

"Enter!"

"You see before you Laurence Atwood, sir," said the young man, contemptuously, and the words had hardly ceased to sound in his ear, when Hiram slipped round behind him, and seizing both his arms, held them as in a vice.

"To the rar, me, Hiram Sloan, sir," he said, with savage humor, for one so gentle of nature as he.

"Now, sir," and Laurence held his revolver at the bewildered villain's head, "I have come to demand justice, and this man is my witness to all you say. Refuse to answer one of my questions, and you are a dead man."

The look of hate and rage and fear that shot from his eyes almost amounted to the diabolical. The catechism was short.

"Did you intercept my letters to Cecilia Verner?"

"Yes."

"Did you forge the paper conveying to you her hand, or a gift of seventy-five thousand dollars?"

"He often said—"

"*Did you forge it?*" in thunder tones.

"Yes."

"Did you invent that damnable lie about the purest of God's creatures murdering her own father?"

A moment of silence.

"Answer, or I'll shoot."

"I did."

"Where are the proofs of poison?"

"In my travelling-desk."

"What was your motive for this?"

"I—," with horrible passion in every tone, "*I love her.*"

"Love! faugh! coward, give up to me those proofs of poison, that forged paper, or you will never leave this room alive. One more question first, though. Was Cyrus Verner murdered at all?"

"No; he died of apoplexy."

"You put the poison in the glass after his death to convict her?"

"To win her, and," with hate that would have murdered if it could, "but for you she would have been mine."

"Death's, you should say. Listen now. Outside of that door two officers of justice stand ready to come at my call. Give me your paper and your proofs of poison peaceably, and they shall not be called. Attempt treachery of any kind, and you are in the grip of the law forthwith. Let go, Hiram."

He did so. Dr. Orenberg, with the attitude and motion of a fox skulking away with his prey, walked to the desk, opened it, took therefrom two papers, and a small glass. Then he turned. He was one of your tall, white-faced people, with overhanging brows and pointed forehead, and his face, on this occasion, was lurid with hate and baffled passion.

"You have me in your power, sir," he said.

"Yes, thank God, but all I seek is justice for her. If I gave it to you, death alone could atone for your work of persecuting her."

"You do not propose to take my life, then," with demoniac coolness.

"Not unless you compel me. As for these 'proofs' she so dreads, I

do not consider them worth a word, but I demand them for her satisfaction and future peace."

He handed them. Laurence tossed them into the fire, the glass shivering to atoms, and the papers losing their identity in a heap of crumbling ashes.

"For the rest," said he, contemptuously, "I leave you to God, who has defeated your foul design. If my hand would obey its present inclination, it would beat you within an inch of your craven life, but I do not seek revenge, simply justice. I have got it."

He turned to go. As he turned, Dr. Orenberg darted at him like lightning, and seized the revolver.

"No, you don't!" cried Hiram, knocking it out of his hand, throwing him on the floor, and beating him about the face till he could not see. Then he got up.

"Come, Mr. Laurence," said he; "I'm satisfied now; I've been a achin' to do this here; 'twas kind o' this here poor excuse, to give me a chance! Let's leave him to recover."

They left him to recover. And as soon as he recovered, he disappeared for parts unknown.

IV.

"So you see, my dear," said Cecilia Verner, at the end of a *very* long conversation, so long that to a pair waiting in the inner room, it seemed only to be compared to something owning no end—a ring, for instance—"Hiram has taught me a lesson for life; his first words to me in my madness took me by storm."

"It was only because madness had seized you," answered the lover, "that you did not think of them yourself."

"No, indeed, Laurence," she said, humbly, "I know I seemed good enough to all who loved me, and my life seemed guided by faith;

but it was only that negative kind of goodness, which consists in not doing harm, and that equally negative faith, which consists in not denying God's power. And when I was tried, I had no stay. It will never be so again!"

"And—so help me, God—poor, tried heart, you shall never find such pain again!"

"What a beautiful way out! Come, help me to thank him who led me to it!"

In the glow of the smiling fireside created by the rosy little woman, they thanked him with thanks which, beginning then, lasted through years of happy life spent near him, and tenderly intertwined with his. And when, as these years passed on, children's feet danced over the threshold of the funny little house (the shape of which never grew right), and many voices called out for "Uncle Hiram," and tiny hands clung to the rosy little woman's dress, and babbling voices begged her for stories and cakes, her eyes would fill up, and his would grow misty; and they would say to each other—

"We have found a way out of *our* sorrow, too; the little coffins are not near so hard to think of now."

Then the children would grow clamorous for a story, and softly, and by turns helping one another, would they recount the poor little starveling's race for life and leap for death, and how she was saved for happiness and love by God's tender providence from which our blindness often makes us strive to flee. Before the story would be ended, a pair would often enter arm-in-arm, and stand looking delighted on the pretty scene, these softly whispering to each other—

"But fitting that *our* house-angels should bless this home, where God sent the first blessing to us!"

"Yes, yes, children all, parents, an' babies, too, aint you all children to me all round? *He* was used to seein' ahead! He seed this here!"

would the old man cry, pointing to the group. "Sure 's he showed *you*, Miss Celie, that there way out, he then an' there seed *this* here! Lord, *you* couldn't a' seed it, nor me! He, he sees the rest, too; let's leave the end to him!"

And so, O young heart! bending

over this page, would its writer say to you, whatever be your lot in life, for in these words, born of the old man's simple, steadfast faith, lies the true key to life's many bitter enigmas, all of which, opened by that golden key, become but gateways to peace unutterable.

ESTRANGED.

A BARRIER hath arisen between
Thy heart and mine, O friend, I ween—
Cruel and strong, though all unseen!

We made that barrier, thou and I,
And strengthened it as days went by;
Ah, me! I scarce know how or why!

Mayhap, some promise given and broken,
Some word unkind, though lightly spoken;
Then, hearts that grieved but gave no token.

Farewell! O loyal heart and true,
Swift wouldst thou pity if thou knew
The mazes that I wander through.

As wider, wider, every day
Our paths diverge, O friend, I pray
That thine may be the sunnier way!

I, in my lone lot, scarce could pine,
The while *thou* quaffest life's red wine,
E'en though its bitterest cup were mine!

THE THREE AMBROSIAN SEPULCHRES.

TOWARDS the end of the fourth century the names and burial-place of Saints Gervasius and Protasius, martyred in Milan under Nero, were almost forgotten. In 313, Constantine's decree of freedom of worship was promulgated. Then arose many Basilicas, amongst others that afterwards called by St. Ambrose the Nova, near which in the Baptistry, called the Basilica of the Baptistry, St. Ambrose, and later St. Augustine and St. Alypius were baptized.

St. Ambrose erected two churches, one the Romana, in form of a cross, and the other called the Ambrosiana. The occasion of the erection of this latter was the death and burial of his brother Satyrus in 379. St. Ambrose had buried him in the Basilica of Fausta, on the left of where lay the body of St. Victor, martyr. In his funeral oration on the occasion, St. Ambrose speaks of his wish to be buried near his brother, and so he and his sister Marcellina were ultimately buried. St. Ambrose wished to arrange this so that all three could be in a church and under an altar. This church was called by the people the Ambrosian. In the interior, St. Ambrose had some of the principal events in the Old Testament painted, those especially that were types of the New, and added descriptions of each beneath, *e.g.*, Noah with the ark and dove, and Isaac ready to be sacrificed. The altar had over it a Baldacchino supported on four porphyry columns, presenting the appearance of a small Roman temple; underneath were the sarcophagi of the martyrs. This arrangement was usual in those early days, and is still seen in many churches. It was called variously the confession, martyrium, sanctuary, ciborium, "tempietto" or "tempio." Behind the altar was the

chair or episcopal cathedra, facing the people, with seats on each side for the lesser clergy. All this part was separated from the people by a balustrade. St. Ambrose had completed and consecrated this church in April, 386, but had placed no relics there.

But a few days later he discovered some, in the manner thus described by his secretary, the Deacon Paulinus, in his *Life of St. Ambrose*:

The persecution directed by Justina, the Empress-mother, an Arian, against the holy martyrs was at its height. . . . At that time the holy martyrs, Protasius and Gervasius, by revelation, made themselves known to the Bishop. Their bodies were deposited in the church in which are now the bodies of the martyrs, Nabor and Felix. But whilst these last were honored with a special *cultus* and a great concourse of people, of these two martyrs, Protasius and Gervasius, both the names and the sepulture were unknown, so that over their sepultures everybody passed to and fro in approaching the balustrade that protected the graves of Nabor and Felix.

Paulinus then describes the transfer of these two bodies to the Ambrosian Church, in the midst of great solemnity and with accompanying miracles. St. Ambrose, in a letter to his sister, Marcellina,* thus refers to the same event:

I have to inform you that we also have found some holy martyrs. It happened thus. I had completed the dedication of the Basilica, but the manner of doing so displeased many, who came to me and said, "You ought to dedicate it as you did the Basilica in the Via Romana, *i.e.*, by placing relics in it." "Willingly," I replied; "if any relics of martyrs are found for me, I will do so." And suddenly I felt within me an inspiration, an ardent impression, which urged me. In a word, the Lord granted the favor. Having proceeded with attendants to the Basilica Naboriana, I gave orders for them to dig in the spot just in front of the balustrade of Saints Nabor and Felix. The attendants were seized with fear. We came

* Epist. 22.

upon evidences very satisfactory. For having dug away the earth, the saints very soon began to make themselves known; so that, seeing the urn, the attendants took hold of it, and opened it in the very spot of the holy sepulture, whilst we still kept silent. We found within two male skeletons of remarkable stature, such as were in ancient times, all the bones entire, and a great deal of blood. For two days there was a great crowding of the people. In brief, we put the bones together in their places and embalmed them. As it was getting dusk, we transferred these bodies to the neighboring Basilica of Fausta, and there we kept watch all night in prayer. On the following day we transferred them to the Basilica which the people has taken to call the Ambrosian. Whilst this "translation" was taking place, a blind man, named Severus, recovered his sight. I made a discourse to the people.

We omit the greater part of the discourse, quoting only the concluding portion:

Thanks be to thee, Lord Jesus, who hast raised the spirits of these holy martyrs at this time in which thy Church hath need of help the most available, I mean of defenders—of those who are able to bear the brunt of battle, not to offer it. For such I yearn; let all know it; and such are these whom I have acquired for thee, O holy people! such as do good to all, harm to none. Such are the defenders whom I have ambition to have; such are the soldiers whom I have—soldiers not of the world, but of Christ; such my guards, whose guardianship, whilst it is the bravest, is also the most peaceable. "Some trust in chariots, some in horses, but we in the name of the Lord." It is narrated in the Holy Scripture,* that Eliseus, being surrounded by the Syrian army, said to his servant, Giezi, who was in great alarm, "Be not afraid! see how many more we have in our defence than are against us." And Giezi, by a grace obtained from God, opening his eyes, beheld an innumerable army of angels gathered near to assist the prophet. We do not behold these heavenly spirits, but we feel their presence. So in the past time our eyes were closed, and we saw not the bodies of the saints hidden under ground; we knew not the protectors who so often had undertaken our defence. Therefore, whilst we were in trepidation and fear, the Lord seems to say to us: "See what martyrs I have given you." Happy are we, who with our eyes behold the glory of the Lord, the glory of their past martyrdom, the glory of their actual miracles! Old people now begin to remember that

long ago they have heard the names of these saints, and read the inscription over their burial-place; but of late the city had lost its own martyrs, and had appropriated for itself those of another country (Victor, Nabor, and Felix were Africans).

This discovery is a gift from God; and I cannot but acknowledge with thanks the grace that the Lord Jesus has granted for the time of my priesthood, that since I have not the merit of becoming a martyr, I have the consolation of having obtained for you these martyrs. Behold! noble relics have been dug out of an ignoble burial-place; the trophies of the two conquerors have been brought to the light of day. The sepulchre is bathed in blood. That sign that indicates their triumph is there. The relics are found untouched in their place, in their order: the head severed from the trunk. Let these triumphant victims now come and stand where Christ stands—he himself the victim; but he above the altar, as the One who has suffered for all; these martyrs beneath the altar, as those who have been redeemed by his passion. That place beneath the altar I had already predetermined upon for my own sepulchre, it being just that the priest should have his remains reposing in the spot where he was wont to offer the holy sacrifice; but I give up the right-hand portion to the sacred victims: this part is due to the martyrs. Let us then consign to their place these sacred remains; let us bear them within a structure worthy of them, and with sincere devotion let us celebrate this day.

The consignment or "deposition" of the relics at the request of the people was deferred till next day. The Arians meanwhile were not inclined to let the incident pass without disturbance; they exclaimed it was an imposture, denied the facts, spread it about that the holy Bishop had with bribes prevailed on some men to feign themselves possessed, who were then freed from the obsession by the martyrs and by Ambrose; and uttered much insolent abuse against the faith and the Catholic Church, the mother of the saints. Ambrose on the next day made another discourse, in which he refutes the Arians, gives the evidence of the miracle of the blind man Severus, restored to sight the instant he touched the fringe of the cloths in which the sacred relics were wrapped, cites the evidence of the obsessed

* 4 Kings vi.

delivered, and the testimony of the demons themselves, concluding with these words: "The devil confesses the fact, but the Arians are not willing to own it."

It is worth observing that the martyrdom or death of these two martyrs, called in ecclesiastical language their passion or birthday, has never been celebrated; for nothing is known either of the kind of martyrdom by which they suffered or of the day of their triumph; but only their invention, translation, or deposition are mentioned. St. Augustine, who had been present in Milan at the miraculous discovery and at the solemnity of the deposition, said to his people in Hippo many years afterwards in a sermon, "We celebrate to-day, that day in which the precious mortal remains of Saints Gervasius and Protasius were found by means of Ambrose, a man of God."*

This event occurred in 386. St. Ambrose survived eleven years longer. The Emperor Theodosius died in 394, and was succeeded by his sons Arcadius and Honorius. St. Ambrose died on Holy Saturday, April 4th, 397, after having been bishop for twenty-three years and four months. He was buried on Easter Sunday in the spot which he had chosen, under the high altar on the epistle side, and next to the sepulchre of Saints Gervasius and Protasius. As his biographer, the Deacon Paulinus, relates, "The funeral resembled a triumph. Crowds of every rank, age, and sex were there, even Jews and pagans flocking to the church to honor the burial of such a man. Men and women threw handkerchiefs and linen girdles over the body, and happy was he thought who succeeded in touching the corpse." His sister, Marcellina, was buried in the same church at some little distance behind the high altar.

Milan was sacked by Attila in 452, and devastated later by Odoacer, King of the Heruli, who however

was defeated by Theodoric, King of the Goths, in 493. St. Laurentius, then Bishop of Milan, returned to the city after that victory, and finding the "temples of God converted into stables, and the finest Basilicas befouled with much uncleanness, he not only restored them to their former state, but even put them into still better condition." St. Laurentius must on this occasion have opened the sepulchres of Saints Gervasius and Protasius, and of St. Ambrose, as coins exactly of that period have been found in these sarcophagi, together with coins of the Emperor Theodosius, placed by St. Ambrose in the sarcophagus of Saints Gervasius and Protasius, and of the Emperors Arcadius and Honorius, placed in his own tomb at the time of his interment in 397. In the sixth century, St. Gregory of Tours, in 560, in his treatise, *De Gloria Martyrum*, refers to these martyrs. Houses of retirement for such as wished to devote themselves to a life of prayer in memory of a saint, were often in the early times annexed to the great sanctuaries. There was one such contiguous to the Ambrosian Church, and the first person who so consecrated himself was Severus, whose sight had been miraculously restored. He lived for twenty years in this way. St. Augustine speaks of him, and mentions that he himself "congratulated Severus on the recovery of his sight, and when a year afterwards I left Milan, I left him still engaged in the service of the Basilica, and I think he is still there alive and full of fervor." Mention is made of the relics and body of St. Ambrose under the altar in a deed of gift to the Hospitium of the Basilica, under King Luitprand, in 742, and in a deed of the Archbishop Peter, in 789. Frescoes in the apse representing St. Mansuetus, Archbishop of Milan, with other bishops in council against the Monothelites, are attributed to the eighth century. Towards the end of the eighth century, Peter was Archbishop, and

* Serm. 286.

Charlemagne was Emperor. This Archbishop entirely renewed the Basilica, preserving merely the three naves, and constructing the building as it now stands. Its style of architecture is Romanesque. This Archbishop changed the title of the Basilica, as we find in a diploma of that period, A.D. 789—"Hanc ecclesiam construximus pro amore beati Christi confessoris Ambrosii et sanctorum martyrum Protasii et Gervasii." At this time also monks of the Benedictine rule were attached to this Basilica, that "before the holy bodies of these saints they might continually and publicly celebrate the divine offices." Charlemagne, by a deed in 790, confirmed the foundation of this monastery and added revenues for its support.

In the earliest ages the bodies of saints were usually placed under the altar, but below the pavement; in later times they were placed rather above the pavement in an urn under the altar slab; but later still they came to be placed above, or on the altar, for the greater devotion of the people. This raising of the relics or sacred body above the pavement is called the elevation or exaltation of the bodies. The event was frequently commemorated by an annual festival.

Angilbert the Second, who was elected Archbishop of Milan in 824, effected this "exaltation" of the relics of the three saints. He left undisturbed in their position under the altar, and at right angles to it, the two sarcophagi, covering them over with a thick marble slab, and above this he placed transversely, and therefore lying in the same direction as the altar, a large sarcophagus or urn of porphyry, in which he placed the three bodies. He covered it with its lid of porphyry, and built it round with a wall-work of stones and bricks, like a square well. Over the urn he laid further a large slab of marble, the ends of which were built into the brickwork of the wall. Over this he placed another slab of porphyry,

similarly built in, and upon this he placed and set up the grand altar of gold, silver, and precious stones, which has remained the wonder of succeeding ages. Murray, in his *Handbook of Northern Italy*, describes it as the most remarkable monument of metallurgic art of the Middle Ages now surviving. His description of it, and of the subjects represented in relief upon it, occupies three columns of very small type. It narrowly escaped being seized and melted down by the French revolutionary commissioners in 1797. A reference to this altar which he had constructed, is made by Angilbert in 835, in a diploma of that date preserved in the archives of St. Fidele, and confirmed by the Emperor Lothair. The event, as was customary in those times, was commemorated by a festival, and in an old parchment codex, the date of which is prior to the year 850, existing in the archives of the Ambrosian Basilica, there is recorded in a martyrology, on the "viii Kal. April (25 March) *adnuntiatio dominica . . . et in mediolano, Exaltatio corporum sanctorum Protasii et Gervasii martyrum et confessoris Ambrosii.*" This festival was observed, and can be traced in ancient martyrologies for nearly five centuries. It ultimately was joined to and commemorated with "the deposition," on the 5th of April. Curious and interesting records have come down to us, showing in what relative position Angilbert placed in the porphyry urn the bodies which he removed from the sarcophagi beneath. In the metal work of the altar of Angilbert, the three saints are figured by their names on shields, and St. Ambrose is placed in the centre, St. Protasius on his right, St. Gervasius on his left. A still more detailed representation is found in a manuscript of the thirteenth century, in the Ambrosian Library. This contains a beautiful illumination, which from intrinsic evidence derived from its ornaments, dress, etc., is known to have been

copied from a still earlier illumination of the tenth or eleventh centuries. In this the death of St. Ambrose is depicted; and in an adjoining compartment of the illuminated manuscript the Saint, clad in his episcopal robes, and with a mitre of ancient form on his head, is represented as lying in the sarcophagus; St. Gervasius and St. Protasius being drawn, the latter as lying on his right, the former on his left. Even the coins are depicted as lying in the urn. In the first illumination, on a scroll which is in the hand of St. Ambrose, there is written, *Depositio Ambrosii*; in the second illumination, which represents the three bodies in the porphyry urn, there is written on a similar scroll, *Depositio Ambrosii secundo*, or for the second time, referring evidently to the removal of the bodies into the porphyry urn, effected by Angilbert. Further testimony as to the position of the bodies is afforded by a thirteenth century fresco in the crypt beneath the sanctuary, wherein, on the very wall which underlies the high altar, in a niche, is depicted in fresco a representation of the three saints in the relative position described above.

A curious confirmation as to the antiquity of this fresco is furnished by a dispute which arose regarding the custody of the shrine of the saints between the monks and the canons of the Basilica, in the fourteenth century. A Pontifical Legate is sent down, before whom the cause is tried, and the act of citation of witnesses, still preserved, bears the date 1333. The witnesses are called to prove priority of possession, and one of these, an old priest named Bernaroldo, in giving his evidence, speaks of this niche in the crypt, and says that there the saints are represented just as they lie in their sepulchre. He had seen the fresco some forty years previous to the date of his evidence. Diplomas and grants of bishops and princes in reference to these relics are preserved, ranging from the

ninth to the twelfth century. In the eleventh century, Aquilinus, from Wurzburg, came to visit the shrine. In 1132, St. Bernard, Cardinal Bishop of Parma, and in 1135, the great St. Bernard, Abbot of Clairvaux, came to reverence this sanctuary.

The most terrible visitation that Milan has experienced was after its surrender to Frederick the First, surnamed Barbarossa, in 1162; when his vengeance co-operating with, or rather instigated by the jealousies of the surrounding cities, Pavia, Cremona, Lodi, Como, and Novara, razed it to the ground.

On Palm Sunday in that fatal year, when the Emperor departed in triumph for Pavia, the site of the great city was to be recognized only by the Basilica of Sant' Ambrosio and some few others of the churches, which were left standing in the midst of the ruins. The sparing of the Church of St. Ambrosio on this occasion, was owing to the circumstance that the Benedictine monks in charge of it were in the good graces of Barbarossa. In fact, in 1186, Barbarossa had his son Henry crowned in that Basilica, after the marriage ceremony had been performed there of his son with Constance of Sicily. In the thirteenth and fourteenth century, references to the shrine and sacred bodies become still more numerous. In the thirteenth century, the vault beneath receives its fresco paintings, and the great cupola above the high altar is erected. In a manuscript, A.D. 1300, it is mentioned how the archbishop, on the festival of St. Ambrose, gets on horseback and goes to the Church of St. Ambrose, where his sacred body reposes, and there sings in his honor the Mass of a Confessor. One manuscript of 1318, speaking of the bodies of the martyrs Gervasius and Protasius, says that between them lies the body of Blessed Ambrose.

In the great work on the antiquities of Milan, begun by Castiglione in the sixteenth, and printed in the

beginning of the seventeenth century, he sums up all the traditions regarding the sacred relics, and says, "Whatever may be the way in which the urn and the three bodies are placed, it is the constant tradition of every age, from Angilbert to this day, that these three bodies are there under the altar," and he then cites a long list of chroniclers and biographers, native and foreign, who record this tradition.

From this date to our times there is nothing special to record. The shrine continued in veneration, and though many of the archbishops, and amongst them Cardinal Odescalchi in the last century, projected the opening and examination of the shrine, it remained untouched and undisturbed until the month of January, 1864. In that month certain repairs were going on in the church, and as it was necessary to get at the base of the large porphyry columns that support the confession of the high altar, and as this proceeding involved the breaking into the wall and brickwork constructed in the ninth century round the sepulchres and urn by Angilbert, the reverend provost of the Basilica obtained, by faculties delegated to him, permission to institute a research as to the position of the sepulchres. An ecclesiastical commission was appointed, and the excavations under its direction led to the discovery of the three sepulchres, placed exactly as the traditions of ages had described them. Lowest of all, beneath the high altar, were the two marble *loculi* or coffins, lying lengthwise in the sense of the length of the church, or from east to west, both of them empty, except some earth, a few teeth, and some small coins. In the one on the Gospel side of the altar had been the bodies of Saints Gervasius and Protasius, placed there by St. Ambrose in the fourth century; in the one on the epistle side had been the body of St. Ambrose, placed there as he had desired, after his death in A.D.

397. Above these *loculi*, and resting on the marble slabs placed over them, was found the large porphyry urn, placed transversely to their direction, *i. e.*, lying in a direction north and south. This discovery filled all Catholic Milan with joy. The provost, as soon as he beheld this urn, reverently approached and kissed it, for he knew that it contained the sacred bodies placed in it one thousand years ago by Angilbert. Seals were then set upon the urn until such time as it might be deemed expedient to have the porphyry lid removed and the contents of the urn examined. This did not take place until August 9th, 1871, and the *Civiltà Cattolica* thus describes what took place on the occasion:

In the evening of the 9th August, 1871, there were assembled at the tomb his Excellency the Archbishop, the Provost and Chapter of St. Ambrogio, the Doctors of the Ambrosian Library, and the Professors of the Museum of Archaeology. An inspection was made of the seals which had been placed on the lid in 1864, and these being found untouched, they were then broken, and the uncovering of the urn was proceeded with in the form prescribed by the Holy See. When the marble lid was removed, the three skulls and the bones of the saints were seen, in an excellent state of preservation, lying at the bottom of the urn, and immersed in very clear water. This water was analyzed and found to be natural water which had percolated through the fissure of the lid when the Basilica had been inundated. In the middle was the body of St. Ambrose, recognizable by the precious pontifical ornaments that still remained in fragments upon it. On each side was a skeleton, the bodies of the holy martyrs, Saints Gervase and Protase, of extraordinary stature. The urn was then re-covered and re-sealed, and the joyful news was at once sent in a telegram to the Holy Father. A few days later, by a new act and in presence of competent witnesses, the urn was again uncovered by the removal of the lid. The water was extracted by means of a siphon, and placed in the sacristy. The bones of the saints were carefully taken out and laid in exactly the same position which they occupied in the urn upon a table covered with sacred cloths. The festival rejoicing that ensued in Milan it would be difficult to describe. May this discovery be the presage of a fresh triumph for the Church in the persecution she is now enduring, as

of old the discovery of the holy martyrs, Saints Gervasius and Protasius, by means of St. Ambrose, seemed to announce the discomfiture of Arianism in the West.

In final confirmation of this interesting discovery, the Sacred Congregation of Rites, on July 24th, 1873, published a decree confirming the judgment pronounced by the Archbishop of Milan on the authenticity of the bodies of St. Ambrose, St. Protasius, and St. Gervasius, discovered on August 8th, in the porphyry urn, and placing the relics under the immediate protection of the Holy See.

We may well, in conclusion, echo the prayer of the writer of the *Civiltà Cattolica*, that the fresh discovery of these relics may lead to an increased devotion to the martyrs and to the blessed Archbishop of Milan, and

that this increased devotion may lead to the speedy triumph of the Church. We recognize the spirit of St. Ambrose in the noble stand which is now being made by the Episcopate of Germany against an emperor by no means so admirable for Christian virtue as the great Theodosius. We recognize the martyr spirit in numberless members of the Catholic clergy and laity, both in Germany and Italy, whose sufferings are not the less real because the time has not yet come for resistance unto blood. When that time shall come, we may trust that God will not fail to console the Church by raising up for her champions as brave as those over the discovery of whose relics St. Ambrose so greatly rejoiced.

ON THE BRIDGE.

O PEERLESS picture! velvet hills
 So tender bending o'er
 The sweet, sad waters, bathing mute
 With tears each verdant shore;
 The lovely sky in bright watch bent
 Upon their moaning waves,
 And leaving heaven's image where
 The stream, earth's bosom laves;
 The murmuring trees—their mist of green,
 Soft rising over all;
 The golden shadow in the west,
 That marks the sunset's fall.

O peerless picture! to my heart
 Forever more so dear,
 For eyes that looked on you with me,
 For voice I used to hear.
 Within your realm of tender charm,
 As, on your beauty rare,
 The golden shadow brooding soft,
 Shows once the sun was there,
 So falls upon my heart the spell
 Of memory, that you hold—
 Love's shadow round the absent cast,
 Love's shadow—but, of gold!

THE TEMPORAL POWER OF THE POPES.

IS ITS NECESSITY OBIATED BY THE SO-CALLED LAW OF THE PAPAL GUARANTEES.

ARTICLE VIII.

THE necessity of the temporal power of the Pope was admitted by those who usurped it, from the fact, that the Italian Government, prior to the occupation of Rome, issued a memorandum to tranquillize the apprehensions of the Catholic powers, who might fear, with reason, that the personal and official liberty of the Pope, would cease to exist with his temporal domain. Had not its necessity been acknowledged by the Piedmontese, as something patent to, and received by the powers of Europe, they would have shown no more consideration for Pius IX, in taking his possessions from him, than they evinced for the unfortunate King of Naples. They might possibly permit him to reside in the land, and mayhap, in a fit of demonstrative generosity, vote him a pension. Beyond that they would not go. But it was a bold and a delicate undertaking to occupy Rome. The King thereof was not only the sovereign of a few subjects, but was also the Pontiff of two hundred millions of Catholics. No one better than the Italian ministry knew that, in taking away his temporal sovereignty, his liberty and influence over his spiritual children would suffer materially. Hence, to reassure him, and Catholics all over the world, the Memorandum of August 29th, 1870, was published.

We will cite a few articles from this wonderful document. "The government engaged to preserve all the institutions, offices, and ecclesiastical corporations existing in Rome, also those employed in them." "The government engages to preserve entire, and without subjecting

them to special taxes, all ecclesiastical property, the revenues of which belong to dignitaries, offices, corporations, institutions, and ecclesiastical bodies, having their seat at Rome, and in the Leonine City." Again, "The government will not meddle with the internal discipline of the ecclesiastical corporations in Rome. The bishops and priests of the kingdom are, in their respective dioceses and parishes, free from all interference whatever of the government, in the exercise of their spiritual ministry." And another significant article is in these terms. "The patrimony of the Roman Church will remain entire in the possession of the Church." After these, and divers other magnificent promises, the Memorandum declares: "These articles shall be considered as a public, bilateral contract, and shall form the object of an agreement with those powers which have Catholic subjects." The reader is already aware, that not a single article of these was observed. The Memorandum of Viscount Venosta, after the occupation of Rome, became a dead letter, and to this day, not a word has been heard about the "public bilateral contract," or "an agreement with those powers which have Catholic subjects." Now, if such be the fate of a document, which was issued at a time when it was of absolute necessity to be prudent and loyal, of a document which was addressed to all the powers of Europe, what are we to think of the Law of the Guarantees, which was passed when the Italians were already in possession of Rome, when Europe had already recovered from the shock

(very slight indeed), occasioned by the occupation of the Eternal City? If the Memorandum did not obviate the necessity of the temporal power of the Popes, much less did the Law of the Guarantees. We will examine it in detail. It is composed of nineteen articles, thirteen of which regard the prerogatives of the Sovereign Pontiff and the Holy See. The other six affect the relations between Church and State. It is a very pompous document indeed, and would lead an unsuspecting reader to believe, that in all the world, there is not a body of men more devoted to the Church and the Sovereign Pontiff than the Italian Senate, with the Chamber of Deputies, and that Victor Emanuel is a model Catholic prince. It opens with the declaration that Victor Emanuel II is, "by the grace of God, and the will of the nation, King of Italy." We pronounce its inability to obviate the necessity of the temporal power, from a simple reading of the first words: "The Senate and the Chamber of Deputies have approved—we have sanctioned and do promulgate as much as follows." But we will dwell on this point farther on. Meanwhile, taking for granted, that the Senate and Chamber of Deputies could in themselves draw up the Law of the Papal Guarantees, let us examine several of the articles, and see whether they have been observed as laws of the land.

Article 1. "The person of the Sovereign Pontiff is sacred and inviolable." It is a very good premise to start from, for it is the basis of Article 2, "An attempt against the person of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the provocation to commit it, are punished by the same penalties established for an attempt, and the provocation to commit it, against the person of the king. Offences and public injuries committed directly against the person of the Pontiff, by discourses, deeds, or by the means indicated in Article 1, of the Law

on the Press, are punished by the penalties established in Article 19 of the same law." All this is very complimentary to the Pope, and as far as the wording goes, pays him a great deal of reverence. But has this article been observed? The discourses of the men who voted the law have often and often given the world a proof of the importance they attach to it. In the very Parliament where the Law of the Papal Guarantees was voted, the Pope is not infrequently made the subject of the most violent tirades and insults, and not a voice has ever been raised to remind the speakers, that an attack upon the Pontiff, by discourses, deeds, etc., is punishable with the penalties sanctioned for an attack against the king himself. Even among the Senators, that venerable body of men, whose age, judgment, and experience should raise them above all party spirit, the Sovereign Pontiff is not spared, but is insulted with impunity. We shall say nothing of the numberless discourses, delivered outside of Parliament, at elections, reunions, public demonstrations, dinners, etc., for such occasions to make a good hit at the Pope, and polish it off with a tribute to the House of Savoy, is a sure way to gain ministerial favor, and become popular. We have never heard of any of the ring-leaders of the mobs that rushed to the Vatican, screaming "Death to the Pope," being visited with the awful penalties, sanctioned for the punishment of offences committed against the royal person. We remember the last demonstration made against His Holiness. It was on the night of the 23d of June, 1874. Only three arrests were made, and the offenders were condemned to a few months' imprisonment, not because an offence was committed against the sacred person of the Pope, but for a contumacious resistance against the police force. And what shall we say of the num-

berless insults which are daily heaped upon the Pope through the press? The caricatures in the illustrated journals, the unmanly insinuations of the official organs, and the gross slanders of the Billingsgate sheets in the Eternal City, and throughout the entire peninsula, are in daily contradictions of that article of the Guarantees, which sanctions the severest penalties against every attack made upon the Sovereign Pontiff through the press. We have never heard of a journal being sequestered for anything said against the Pope, but we know of Catholic editors, who have had a long acquaintance with prison walls, because of articles, the sense of which was wilfully distorted into an attack against the King of Italy. Before dismissing the second article of the Guarantees, and condemning it as an infamous piece of equivocation, we would call attention to something like a codicil, which has no relevancy with the foregoing paragraphs. It seemed to have dropped in at the end, just to show that there is no consistency whatever in the famous Law of the Papal Guarantees.

"The discussion of religious matters is perfectly free." This paragraph is in general terms, and we would find nothing objectionable in it, were it not the primary article in the Constitution of Italy, that the Roman Catholic and Apostolic religion shall be the religion of the state. Such being the case, the government is bound to preserve that religion, to defend it by its secular power, and not to allow its dogmas to be discussed and denied with impunity by the subjects. The article cited gives the people the unlimited faculty of discussing, accepting, or rejecting any or all the dogmas of the Catholic faith. Article 3 is a glorious outburst of devotion. "The Italian government will render to the Sovereign Pontiff, within the territory of the kingdom, sovereign honors, and will maintain for

him the pre-eminence of honor accorded to him by Catholic sovereigns. The Sovereign Pontiff has the faculty of retaining the usual number of guards attached to his person, and the custody of the palaces, without any detriment to the obligations and duties consequent on the existing laws of the kingdom." That is to say, the government permits His Holiness to keep around his person the usual number of noble guards, gens d'armes, and Palatines, and absolves them from all military service in the Italian army. This faculty of absolving, however, was more easily displayed towards the National Guards of Rome, who most brutally murdered a captain of the Papal gensd'armes, while he was taking a walk outside the Porta Cavalleggiere. They literally perforated him with their bayonets, and yet the government seemed to do a great condescension in instituting a trial. The base assassins were acquitted. Article 4. "A dowry of an annual income of 3,225,000 francs is appropriated in favor of the Holy See." This article is an insult. The independence of the Sovereign Pontiff cannot be sold for money. He rejected the appropriation with the scorn which it merited. The next article graciously allows him the use of the Vatican Palace, with its museums, the Lateran Palace, and the little villa at Castel Gandolfo. It is also ordained that the Vatican be exempt from all taxes, be they governmental, provincial, or communal. An incident occurs to our recollection in connection with this article, which merits recording. Last spring, an enormous deficit was found in the municipal accounts. There is always a deficit there, but it was only discovered last spring. The Conscript Fathers of the Capitoline went to work with a hearty good will to discover the cause. Interminable rows of figures were added up, investigations made, speeches delivered, but to no purpose. Fi-

nally, when despair was about to seize them, one genius jumped up from his seat, and yelled out, "I've got it! The Vatican has paid no water-tax for the last four years." The "ah!" of relief which escaped from the perplexed Fathers awoke her majesty, the wolf, who has her lair atop of the Capitoline Hill, where filial gratitude has established her in the enjoyment of *otium cum dignitate*. At this announcement, the hoary Sor Pietro arose from his seat and motioned silence. "If the Vatican does not pay, cut off the water." Having said this he sat down, much relieved. Meanwhile, the grand code of the kingdom of Italy contains a little paragraph, the tenor of which informs the law-student that the Vatican is free from all imposts, be they governmental, provincial, or communal. But these are little inadvertencies, insignificant peccadilloes, which are swallowed up in the very ocean of filial tenderness and religious devotion, set forth in Article 6. It is a solemn article, and makes provision for a solemn event. Without doubt, the member who arose to word the article took off his hat, and involuntarily bowed his head as he pronounced these memorable words. "During the vacancy of the Pontifical See, no authority, judiciary or political, can for any cause whatever, place hindrance or restriction on the personal liberty of the Cardinals. The government will provide, that the assemblies of the Conclave, and the Œcumenical Councils be not disturbed by any external violence." What a sage provision! It takes in every emergency. No power, judiciary or political, can interfere with the Conclave. This certainly disposes of Bismarck. Add to this, that the last clause takes a particular care of the mob. In short, the article leaves nothing to be desired but a moiety of good faith. Solemn though the article be, portentous the event for which it purposes to

provide, it is found in bad company, and we doubt its sincerity. If the living Pope, whose gray hairs alone should command respect and reverence, be subject to the insults of a mob of assassins, the Conclave of Cardinals, who are to elect a new Pope, need expect but very little deference, either from the mob or the government, which thinks it politic to connive at their excesses. We are inclined to think, that when the Cardinals will have the sad but imperious necessity imposed upon them, of electing a successor to Pius IX, they will remember, not the sixth article of the law of the Papal Guarantees, but the election of Pius VII, accomplished in the little convent of the Benedictine Monks, standing on the little island of San Giorgio at Venice. As the Cardinals of those days would not intrust their liberty and their persons to a Napoleon, it is not likely that those of our own day will give themselves up to the dubious protection of a Savoyard. We have, in the conduct of the present Pontiff, a sure indication of what will happen after his death, in the matter of uniting the Conclave. If Pius IX refuses to reconvoke the Œcumenical Council of the Vatican, notwithstanding the solemn assurance of the Italian government, that its deliberations would not be disturbed by any external violence, with equal reason will the Cardinals hesitate about assembling for a purpose of such unusual importance as the election of a Pope. Article 9. "The Sovereign Pontiff is perfectly free to discharge all the functions of his spiritual ministry, and to affix the acts of the aforesaid ministry on the doors of the Basilicus and churches of Rome." Now the Pope cannot be conceived as discharging the functions of his sacred ministry alone, for the "church is necessarily a secular body administered by regular orders." We will cite here the pointed words of Mgr. Dupanloup, in his letter to Min-

ghetti. "And the first thing you did was to destroy these regular orders. Can there be a more manifest contradiction? And at this moment, you are giving the finishing stroke to your work, by destroying even the general houses of these orders. Near the Holy See, there existed mother-houses, a centre of government for those numerous communities of laborers scattered throughout the Christian world. There resided the generals of those orders, with their counsels, and in this manner the religious bodies were in constant communication with the head of the Church." It being a principle then, that the Pope governs the Universal Church by means of congregations and orders, it is clear that every blow aimed at these, interferes not only with the perfect liberty which he must enjoy in gathering around him men of his own choice to assist him, but also hampers the action of the Church in her most potent agency, that of the religious orders. The suppression of the religious orders, while violating the individual liberty of every religion, destroys also the liberty of the Sovereign Pontiff in a most important particular. This were deplorable enough, and more than sufficient to brand as a glaring falsehood the article just cited. But the worst was to come. Though the religious orders were suppressed, and the general houses done away with, so that, with the present generation of monks, the monastic spirit would perish, and with it the incalculable benefits which it brought upon Christian society, still the secular clergy remained unmolested, and from their ranks the Pope could hope to recruit his counsel. But the infamous law for the conscription of young clerics is a blow as fatal to the secular clergy in the end, as entire suppression has been to the religious orders. Where is the "perfect liberty" of the Pope to discharge all the functions of his spiritual ministry? With

wonderful shrewdness, the government has not interfered directly with the personal liberty of the Pope, but it has, in an indirect manner, rendered him almost powerless in his action on the Church. Why prate to a man about liberty when you have incapacitated him in other ways to enjoy it! The Italian government has acted towards the Pope as brigands have been known to do with some of their prisoners—cut off their feet, and then tell them they are at liberty to escape. The thirteenth article is a particular proposition, a parody which dwindles into nothing in the face of an appalling truth: "In the city of Rome, and in the six suburban sees, the seminaries, academies, colleges, and other Catholic institutions, founded for the education and training of ecclesiastics, will continue to depend upon the Holy See alone, independently of any interference from the scholastic authorities of the kingdom." Signor Bonghi, the Minister of Public Instruction, has not been able as yet to conceive any measure which will directly affect the ecclesiastical seminaries. Indirectly, however, he has given them considerable trouble, on account of their secular day-scholars.

Since the occupation of Rome and the conversion of the Roman College into a government lyceum, and since the degeneration of the Roman University, many Catholic parents have been sending their children as day-scholars to the seminaries and ecclesiastical colleges, where they can complete their education as far as philosophy and ethics. Signor Bonghi is endeavoring to crush this, what he calls "latent influence of the priests upon seculars," and has already succeeded so far as to make all these "semi-ecclesiastics" pass a yearly examination before the faculty of the Roman Lyceum. He hasn't interfered directly with the ecclesiastics. But the annoyance, which Bonghi is powerless to effect,

has been inflicted severely by other departments of the state. The *Giunta Liquidatrice* has seized upon all their property, and sold it at public auction, while the tax-assessor has laid such heavy imposts upon the seminary buildings—all that was spared by the rapacious *Giunta*—that the article cited has been fulfilled to the letter; “the seminaries in Rome and the six suburban sees shall continue to depend upon the Holy See,” that is to say, they have been so mercilessly beggared by the *Giunta Liquidatrice* and the tax-assessor, that they are depending almost entirely upon the personal charity of the Holy Father for their support. In this respect, the seminaries and ecclesiastical colleges shall continue to depend upon the Holy See alone.

We have now examined some of the principal articles of the Law of the Guarantees, touching the prerogatives of the Sovereign Pontiff and the Holy See. Before proceeding to draw any conclusions, we shall consider a few of the articles affecting the relations between Church and State. The first of these articles reads as follows: “All restriction on the right of reunion of the members of the Catholic Church is abolished.” In direct contradiction to this law, we may cite the prohibition issued by the government authorities, to have solemn and public processions in the streets. We may recall the mind of the reader to the shameful scenes which transpired at the translation of the relics of St. Ambrose, a little over a year since, in the city of Milan. The public translation of the relics was interdicted by the prefect of the city, and we know that the government applauded his action. Not a public procession has been seen in the Eternal City since the occupation. In addition to this, we would call the reader’s attention to the special penal laws, which were voted in the Italian Senate last spring, for the punishment of ecclesiastics who

offend against the laws of the land in their discourses from the pulpit. We would invite particular attention to the circular of Minister Vigliani, issued last winter, in which the police authorities, and all those whose duty it is to provide for the public security, are earnestly requested to exercise a “*special surveillance*” over the discourses and popular instructions of the clergy. Besides, if all restriction on the reunion of the members of the Catholic clergy be abolished, by what right or title are they forbidden to live in communities? The law for the suppression of religious orders is in direct opposition to this article. Admitting even the distinction, that monastic bodies are not comprised in this insult of the government, still the law is a dead letter, or rather a *lying* letter, for the general law of suppression prohibits even members of the secular clergy from forming themselves into a community, and living under a common rule. Why are the Oratorians driven from their convents? Why are the possessions of the Redemptorist Fathers seized, and they themselves expelled from their home? Every confiscation of church property, every sale of the same, effected by the insatiable *Giunta Liquidatrice*, is a restriction of the government on the right of reunion of the members of the Catholic clergy. Article 16 of the Guarantees is observed, like the rest, by contraries. It is in the following terms: “The *exequatur* and royal *placet*, as also every other form of government assent, for the publication and execution of the acts of the ecclesiastical authorities, are abolished.” To be summary with this article, it has as little regard for truth as possible. The *exequatur* and *regium placet* are not abolished, and the government insists most strenuously on their observance. It may be asked: What is the *exequatur*? What is the *placet*? They are in substance one and the same. Every newly appointed bish-

op, prior to his installation, is required to ask the permission of the government to take possession of his see. The permission, when granted, is called *exequatur*. Being installed in office, for every publication of important acts which he wishes to make, he is required to ask the permission of the local authorities. This permission is called a *placet*. The penalty for neglecting to observe these laws is expulsion from the episcopal residence, and deprivation of benefices in the first instance, and fines, perhaps imprisonment, according to the nature of the offence, in the second. Now, no Catholic bishop can, in conscience, ask for either the *exequatur* or the *placet*. By doing so, he would acknowledge that the validity of his appointment depended more materially on the good will of the king than upon the papal nomination, hence it is never asked. The consequence is, that quite a number of prelates have been driven from their residences, deprived of all support from the government, and are now living on the personal charity of the Pope. Nay more, instances are on record of poor bishops who are obliged to pay income tax on the charitable allowance of His Holiness. Within the past few weeks, the Bishops of Messina, Palermo, Poggia-Mirteto, and Imola, have been driven out of their palaces, because they had not asked for the *exequatur* at their installation. Indeed, the appointment of a bishop nowadays to any of the vacancies in the kingdom of Italy, is but the beginning of a series of struggles with the government, which only have an end when God calls the sufferer to himself. In many instances the people obviate this difficulty by asking, in their own name, for the *exequatur*. Sometimes the local authorities themselves petition the ministry for the royal permission. Thus, Mgr. Ceconi, the lately consecrated Bishop of Florence, so won all hearts, that the prefect of

the city himself asked for and obtained the *exequatur*.

We have cited enough from the Law of the Guarantees to give the reader a notion of their character. To every article quoted, we have opposed undeniable facts, sufficient to prove that more attention was given to the formulæ than to their observance. Here is the concluding paragraph of the wondrous document: "We ordain that the present law, stamped with the seal of state, be inserted in the official collection of the laws and decrees of the kingdom of Italy, commanding whomsoever it may concern to observe it, and enforce its observance as a law of the state. Given at Turin, May 13th, 1871. Victor Emanuel." It was drawn up as a substitute for the temporal power of the Pope. His prerogatives as a sovereign were acknowledged. Every emergency was taken into consideration, every event calculated with great foresight, and suitable provisions adopted. A magnificent copy, elegantly bound, was sent to His Holiness, while the press proclaimed the event to the whole world. The Law of the Guarantees left nothing to be desired, so the salaried journals said, and it was a happy solution of the Roman question; and, at the same time, a standing monument to the generosity and devotion of the King of Italy to the Sovereign Pontiff. But the organs, which were so eager to trumpet to the world the promulgation of this law, kept a deep silence on its non-observance, and though the world knew of many of the facts here cited, it was only to the utter oblivion of the Guarantees. No one seemed to care or think about them after their publication, and the government cared less. They were sanctioned, and ordered to take effect as a law of the land, to obviate the necessity of the temporal principality of the Pope, and to justify its usurpation. We have seen, that they have not taken any effect in their most essential

particulars, consequently the necessity which it was intended they should remove remains as imperious as ever, and the "Justice of St. Peter" still clamors for satisfaction.

The Papal Guarantees have failed signally in this object; they have failed in themselves, for they never had any existence, because never observed. The only reality they can lay claim to, is the ambiguous reality which belongs to the memorandum of Viosonti-Penosta. They exist in the statute-book, nothing more. They are violated continually and flagrantly, yet we have not heard of condign punishment being inflicted upon any one. No lawyer has made a fee in defending them, and prosecuting the cause of the crown; no pettifogger has ever had occasion to quibble upon them, in defence of a culprit, and the independence of the Sovereign Pontiff is still in the thralldom to which it was consigned on the 20th of September, 1870, and he himself, only a subject of the Italian government. We have reasoned this far in the hypothesis, that if the Law of the Papal Guarantees was strictly observed, it would have accomplished its purpose, and satisfied the claims of St. Peter. But it was only a hypothesis, and we intimated as much in the beginning, when we hinted at the inability of the Senate and Chamber of Deputies to offer guarantees to the Sovereign Pontiff. The Pope is a sovereign. His despoilers admit that fact. The lying monster which we have just been considering, accords sovereign honors to him in the same terms as they would be given to the King of Italy himself. Let it be borne in mind, that these honors are granted to him, not simply because he *is* a spiritual sovereign, but because he *was* a temporal monarch. Looking at the Pope merely as a temporal sovereign, despoiled of his territory, and robbed of every vestige of royalty, it is patent that his case should be considered and

settled, not by the unconscionable minions of the government that despoiled him, for though bereft of his royalty, he is superior to their judgment, but by his own equals. As a sovereign, his cause could only be discussed by sovereigns assembled in common council. Such is the law, or rather such the custom, and custom in this instance constitutes the law. Small though the dominions of the Pope may have been on the map of Europe, yet his political influence was inferior to none. Nay, though it was nominally slighted by modern upstarts, and we locate these in the vicinity of the Rhine, yet, despite their studied system of ignoring him, they felt, and both tacitly and indirectly acknowledged, the important part which he took in the affairs of European nations. Such being the case, it is patent to every one, that the Italian Parliament, and an approving Senate, had no more right or power to make dispositions for the Pope, than any other parliament of Europe. The fact that he was their victim, and in their power, did not endow them with the right which they arrogated to themselves, with an impudence which is the more glaring in the contemptible cowards which we know them to be. But the Pope is a spiritual sovereign, exercising supreme sway over two hundred millions of souls, scattered over the whole world. In this capacity his situation is essentially international. His wellbeing is, therefore, inseparably linked with the wellbeing of every nation on the globe, which counts among its population a considerable number of Catholics. We have considered the temporal and spiritual separately in the Pope. But a prescription of ten centuries joined these two by a tie so strong, so just, so sacred, that they could not be separated without detriment to, it is enough for our present purpose to say, the spiritual. But the spiritual, from its universal character,

makes him, so to speak, a universal sovereign, raises him high above the influence of any particular nation, so that none but a council of the nations can deliberate on his affairs, and history tells us that this was done in the past with becoming deference and veneration for his sacred character. Viewing the matter in this light, the utter powerlessness of the Italian government to provide for the Pope becomes doubly apparent, and the Law of the Papal Guarantees, as voted by the Senate and Parliament, becomes a most insulting parody upon power, as well as upon truth. It is an intolerable mockery, for while investing him with sovereign attributes, it presumes, at the same time, to dispose of him as of the commonest subject in the land. If he be a sovereign, it is insulting in the Italian government to presume to offer him guarantees. If he be but a subject, the condescension is anomalous. One more consideration, and we shall have done. The character of the Sovereign Pontiff, and the incomparable magnitude and importance of the interests which are centred in him, demand that his condition, even as a unit in the world, be not subject to the whims and vicissitudes to which the other sovereigns and people are subject. 'Tis true, he has always been obliged to battle with the world, with its pride, with its arrogance, with its rapacity, with its insatiable ambition, as personified in many of its rulers. He is necessarily the champion of truth and justice. But he has always defended them from his own citadel, within his own stronghold, where Providence placed him many centuries ago. His long sojourn there will bear us out in presuming, that it was the will of Divine Providence that he should remain there, and moreover, that his condition in the world should be a fixture, not subject to change or revolution of any kind. He has always been independent

enough to rule the Church efficiently, and he has not been beholden to any particular sovereign. Now let us suppose again, that it be the will of Providence, we only suppose, that men should take upon themselves the care of the Sovereign Pontiff, nay, that this care was in the especial province of the Italian government. The Papal Guarantees, as they stand now, are an evidence of what the Italians can do for the Pope. But if they do not abide by the Guarantees, and this is deplorably the case, to whom are they responsible? Ah! there's the rub. There is where the Macchiavellian shrewdness of these equivocators comes out in bold relief. They simply say, as they do of any law, "We have sanctioned, and do promulgate what follows!" But who is to insist upon the promulgation and observance of what follows? No one. They have pledged themselves to no one. They are responsible to none of the European powers. They have the Pope all to themselves. They can dispose of him as they will, and at most, to satisfy Europe's curiosity, they hold up that collection of flagrant falsehoods, the Guarantees. But the same Parliament and Senate which said, "The privileges in favor of the ecclesiastics, in the matter of conscription, are abrogated," can say to-morrow, "We abrogate the Law of the Papal Guarantees." They made a show last spring of being honorable, and refused to modify or abolish the law, as Bismarck desired. But they *did* take up the matter for consideration, and this proves that the law, even in the statutes, has as precarious an existence as any other law recorded therein. This very possibility there of abrogation, makes the Law of the Papal Guarantees inefficient to insure the liberty, independence, and untrammelled action of the Sovereign Pontiff. They are open to condemnation in this particular, and the

condemnation is so destructive, that no efficiency at all is left in the Papal Guarantees. Last, but not the least powerful consideration of all, the Pope himself has steadfastly refused to receive them from the beginning. Looking upon them as a mere favor (and the Italians thought them such), the Guarantees could not be forced upon the Pope, hence they were always without effect. He condemned them as a lot of equivocations, gotten up to deceive the people. He condemned

them because neither the Italian government, nor any other individual power of earth, is capable of discussing his interests and providing for them. He condemned them, in fine, because they were sanctioned, not with the honest purpose of establishing the head of the Church in a condition of peace and sovereign independence, but to legitimize, in the opinion of the world, a robbery, which can never be justified, save by restoring the "Justice of St. Peter."

MY TWO PARTNERS.

I.

WHY do men become chimney-sweeps, dust-contractors, sausage-makers, meat-salesmen, and soap-manufacturers? Why do men in large orchestras play upon kettle-drums, cymbals, trombones, and serpents, instead of choosing violins, flutes, and clarinets? I cannot make it out.

II.

I AWOKE one morning, and found myself a man of property. A man of property! There is a bitter mockery concealed in those words. My uncle had died suddenly, without a will, and I was his heir. Heir to what? A distinct and gigantic nuisance; a bone-boiling factory! Inscrutable fate! My mother on her deathbed had exhorted me to be genteel; she had left me a genteel income; and I had lived a genteel life. It was all over now. At the early age of twenty-five, with the romantic name of Edwin Gazelle, I was sucked into the vortex of trade. And such a trade!

III.

I WENT over my new possessions.

It was a hard, sad task. I saw in the distance, a bleak, bare wharf, which they told me was mine; but I did not venture personally to measure its extent. I saw several rotten-looking barges lying off this wharf, and, in them several men, who seemed to be dancing and chirruping in the mud. They cheered me vigorously from the depths of their unwholesome craft; and I gave them beer. They were happy; happier than their new master, who was obliged to conceal his conflicting emotions.

"Shall I put your name, sir, upon the barge?" asked my late uncle's chief elerk, who was now my managing man.

"Not at present, Steevens," I replied, with a shudder, "not at present. O, certainly not at present."

We proceeded to the bone-boiling factory; the chief of my new possessions. I had come into my property, and I was compelled, in common decency, to go over it; but there are certain things that a man is not equal to, even when interest and curiosity prompt him to undertake the task. The factory

was large, busy, and situated near an important main road; and, at the moment I approached it, the least endurable part of its manufacturing process was in full operation.

"Steevens," I said faintly, "where is the chief counting-house?"

"In the centre of the factory yard," replied my managing man.

"Then, Steevens," I returned, holding my scented handkerchief to my nose, "as I have an appointment now, you shall bring the books and papers to my rooms at six o'clock this evening."

At the time fixed he came, in company with one Mr. Nickel, a friend of mine of experienced business habits. We employed ourselves till nearly midnight. The examination, as far as I could make out, went to show that the property, if rather repulsive, was decidedly lucrative. It was agreed that, to advertise it for sale, was worse than useless; and, appointing my friend as general inspector, to look after my interest, I accepted my destiny. From that hour I was a bone-boiler.

IV.

I HAD command of wealth, but I was not happy. Although I did not alter my style of living, I felt that I was no longer the same individual. I had bartered my soul for worldly goods, and the cold shadow of the eternal factory was always darkening my heart. I still moved in the same circles as I had moved in before. I was still the same eligible single man. I was still five feet five inches in height; my appearance still preserved its pleasing, if not commanding expression; and yet I was not happy. The name of bone-boiler was always hissing in my ears. The horrid effluvium, which had always prevented me from exploring my own premises, seemed to cling to my clothes, and exude from the roots of my hair.

I was now nervous and diffident; for I was moving in society under

the false pretences. Carefully as I had maintained the secret of my connection with the repulsive factory, and its very repulsive adjuncts, I could not be certain that others had been equally discreet, and, in every sly glance, every whisper, and every titter, I seemed to read the discovery of my imposition. The blow might fall at any instant, and I lived in dread.

V.

It was near the close of May, when I received my usual invitation for Mrs. Buckram's second annual ball. I was supposed to be the same young, idle loungeur with expectations, living in chambers, as I was some months before; and scores of such invitations came to me in the course of the year. I accepted this one gladly, for I knew that SHE would be there—Emma Sandford, Mrs. Buckram's niece, and the fairest and sweetest of her sex.

The night of the ball came, and with it all that I had anticipated, even in my fondest dreams. She was fairer and more amiable than ever, and she devoted so much of her time to me in the dance, that most of the visitors thought we were engaged really. When nearly all the dancers were down in the supper-room, we found ourselves upon a balcony, looking into the garden. My lips had long been struggling to disclose my love; and my honor told me that, at the same moment, I ought to state fully and unhesitatingly who I was—what I was. The situation in which we were unexpectedly placed (was it quite unexpectedly?) gave eloquence to my tongue.

"Miss Sandford—Emma—" I said, "I dare not speak to you upon the subject that is weighing on my heart, until I have made a full and honorable disclosure. I am not—I am not what I seem!"

"Good gracious!" gasped the blushing and trembling Emma.

"Yes," I continued, "at the same moment in which I tell you that I love you, I tell you that I am—a bone-boiler!"

She sank upon a rustic seat, but quickly recovered herself.

"A bone-boiler?" she muttered in her sweetest tones, evidently relieved by finding that I was not, as she had seemingly expected, a man of crime; "a bone-boiler, Edwin; and what is that?"

Beautiful simplicity! Trouble-some question!

"Well, dearest," I replied, getting more confident, now that I had made the revelation, "I scarcely know, as I go so seldom to the works; but they boil bones—"

"Works? bones?" she interrupted evidently full of some sudden idea. "Speak, Edwin, tell me—where is this establishment—this factory? you know what I mean."

"My property, Emma?"

"Yes."

"About three miles out of town, on the Downham Road."

"Near the church?"

"Near the church."

"Then we are lost!"

"Lost?"

"Yes, Edwin," she returned, in sorrowful tones, "it is within a stone's throw of my father's freehold villa; and it is the one nuisance which embitters his life."

What reply I might have made to this I can scarcely tell; for, at that moment, Mr. Sandford, a stately man of severe aspect, entered the balcony.

"Emma!" he said, sternly to her, as he frowned at me, "I have been searching for you everywhere. Wish your aunt good-night."

Emma gave me one tender, sorrowful glance, and left the place followed by her father.

VI.

THE next day was a busy one, at least for me. I wrote to my manager at the works to cease operation for

several days, and he replied that this could not be done. He would boil as little as possible; but boil he must. My object was to prevent the nuisance being very obtrusive at the exact moment of my visit to Mr. Sandford.

I went to Downham Road about midday, and I was shown into Mr. Sandford's study. There was one large French window which opened upon an extensive ornamental garden; and, in the distance, just over the glass of a conservatory, I saw the two black, smoking chimneys of my bone-boiling works. Under any circumstances my errand was an excuse for nervousness, and my peculiar adjacent property did not add to my calmness.

In about five minutes, Mr. Sandford entered the apartment, very stiff and severe in his manner, as he motioned me to a seat.

"Sir," he said, "after the conference between you and my daughter, which I interrupted last night, I am not altogether unaware of the object of your visit. Take a chair."

This opening was chilling, and calculated to increase my trepidation. I made no reply.

"Sir," he continued, in a severe tone, "the first question which a parent very naturally puts to a gentleman in your position is, What are his means for supporting a matrimonial establishment? May I put that question to you, Mr. Gaz—, Gaz—"

"Mr. Gazelle, I answered."

"Mr. Gazelle?" he inquired.

I was about to reply to this very troublesome, but fully expected question, when with fear and horror, I observed a dense volume of smoke issuing from both my factory chimneys, and I was made painfully conscious, at the same moment, of a very disagreeable, not to say sickening effluvium, which floated towards us over the garden and through the open doors. I coughed and moved uneasily in my chair, while Mr. Sandford lit several pastiles on the

mantel-shelf, and closed the garden window with a hasty bang.

"Go on," he said, in an excited manner, "go on; nothing but a Chancery injunction will stop this. Night or day—it's always the same. My chrysanthemums withered with smoke; my family poisoned with effluvium—"

"It's very annoying," I said, "but—"

"It's more than annoying, sir," he interrupted, "it's illegal, sir. They are bound down never to boil bones when the wind is in the south, and I only ask you to look at that weathercock over the conservatory. Look at it carefully, sir; you may be useful as evidence."

"That, Mr. Sandford," I said, with attempted firmness, "I am afraid can never be."

"Sir," he ejaculated, in astonishment.

"The law, sir," I remarked, "protects a man from incriminating himself."

"You?" said Mr. Sandford, converting his brow into a tall note of interrogation.

"Yes, sir, I am the proprietor of those works," I replied, with a nervous gulp, feeling that all was over.

It was now Mr. Sanford's turn to be discomposed; but he soon recovered himself.

"And you come here, sir," he said, red with anger, "to ask my consent to my daughter's union with an illegal and a pestilential nuisance?"

"Mr. Sandford," I began to reply, deprecatingly:

"Go, sir," he interrupted with irritating, though pathetic, dignity; "go; you have polluted my home. You have made the ark of my declining years unbearable; but you shall not rob me of my child!"

"You decline my offer?" I inquired with considerable spirit; for I now felt indignant and aroused.

"Good morning, sir!" he said,

with a majestic wave of his hand. "Good morning!"

In the passage I came full in the arms of my beloved and anxious Emma, who had evidently been listening.

"O Edwin," she exclaimed, "is papa indeed inexorable,—and are we to part thus?"

I could not trust myself to speak, but fled from the place.

VII.

SCARCELY knowing what I did I rushed to the works. The men were all on duty, with Steevens, the manager, and my friend, the inspector.

"Boil!" I shouted, in my excitement; "Boil like mad!"

My two managers looked at each other, and then looked at me, but they made no remark.

"Pile up," I continued, "mountains high, and let no copper in the place be other than a cauldron of bubbling stench."

"You are aware, sir," replied Steevens, "that we are already threatened by the inhabitants with proceedings for creating a nuisance?"

"And especially by one Mr. Sandford," interrupted Mr. Nickel.

"Gentlemen!" I exclaimed, becoming more excited on hearing the name of that obdurate parent; "you are the managers here, but I am the master. Boil, I say, to the utmost verge of your power!"

The order was obeyed without further remonstrance; and in half an hour the neighborhood must have been sickening under our repulsive activity. What was my design? I hardly knew. Perhaps to storm my enemy into compliance? To reach him I was compelled to annoy the innocent; and, while I gloated in imagination over his sufferings, I was painfully conscious that my own Emma must be affected by the same poisonous vapor.

At this thought a momentary weakness impelled me to stop the busy

nuisance ; but I checked it at once, when I remembered the contempt I had met with. The smoke rose higher and higher, and rolled in majestic volumes of effluvium over my enemy's villa. I was amply revenged ; and, as the works became unbearable, I began to feel dizzy, and turned my steps in the direction of home.

VIII.

THE excitement had preyed upon my health and I was not able to leave my residence for several days. At the end of this time I went once more into the world, and wandered by a mysterious impulse towards the Downham Road. I approached Mr. Sandford's villa with no definite design. I had not determined to call, but I was curious to see the place. A mild flavor of the works still hung over the neighborhood, and I judged from this that my instructions had not been neglected. When I reached the villa, my heart sunk within me ; for I found the shutters of every window closed, except those of the kitchen. A dreadful thought suggested itself. Could I have caused a death in the family ?

Regardless of everything, I hastily rang the bell ; and it was answered by an old char-woman.

"Is she—is any one dead?" I asked, breathlessly.

"Lauk-a-daisy, sir," she replied, "you give me quite a turn !"

"Is any one dead in this house?" I repeated.

"No, sir," she replied, in a nervous manner.

"Why are the shutters closed, then?"

"Well, sir, I don't know who you may be—"

"Why are they closed?"

"Becos the fam'ly couldn't stand them stinkin' works, an' they've gone out o'town."

"Madman." I muttered to myself ; "I have driven them into exile."

I asked the old woman where they had gone ; but, of course, she could not tell ; for the address, as usual, had been written on a piece of paper which she had lost or mislaid.

"It's some town as begins with a P," she said.

"There are five hundred such towns!" I replied.

IX.

A DAY of misery and a night of restlessness were recompensed by an announcement which I read in the second column of the next morning's paper.

EDWIN G—Z—LE.—The Chain Pier every morning at nine. The air on the Downs is bracing, but it has no charms for me. Better the smoke of a hundred b—e b—ng factories if thou wert only near.
EMMA S.

I read with eager and dazzled eyes, and I could not doubt that this paragraph was meant for me. The pointed mention of the Chain Pier and the Downs, directed me to B—and, rejecting the old woman's statement that the town began with a P, I prepared at once to start for that fashionable watering-place. A few minutes before I sent for the cab, a letter without a signature, written in a strange hand, and directed to me, arrived through the post. Its contents were as follows :

Beware of Mr. Sandford, who is nothing but a respectable adventurer. Far from having any objection to your marriage with his daughter, he is only too anxious to bring about the match ; but, in such a way that no questions shall be asked concerning his child's prospects or wedding portion. Pause, and reflect.
YOUR WELL-WISHER.

I treated this base missive with the contempt it deserved. If it had contained any libel upon her whom I was flying to meet, I would have found out the writer at any cost ; but, as it merely confined itself to remarks upon her parent, I put it in my pocket, and thought no more about it. In a few hours I was at my journey's end, gazing upon the sad sea waves.

X.

THE afternoon and evening passed wearily enough ; for she was not to

be seen. I sought her on the beach—the promenade—and in the assembly rooms, but without success. I felt that I was rash in betraying my arrival in places where I might be discovered by Mr. Sandford; but I could not control my impatience until the morning. As dusk approached I gave up the search and settled down to a late and solitary dinner in the melancholy coffee-room of my hotel. The cutlet was tough; the wine was hot and acid; the waiter painfully obsequious; a clock was ticking with maddening regularity, and a fellow-visitor, who ought to have been sociable, was glaring at me ever and anon from an opposite table. At times the thought came across me that I might have been deceived by the advertisement, and my only comfort was to stick it before me against the cruet-stand, and read it all through the meal.

At last the morning came, and, at the appointed time, I hastened to the pier. The direction was right. I was not deceived. She stood before me more lovely than ever. I asked, after the first salutations were over, at what hotel or lodging they were staying; and was answered, "At neither."

"Where then," I inquired, perceiving some hesitation on the part of the lovely Emma, "if not at one of these usual places?"

"At an uncle's, Edwin," she replied, in a sorrowful tone; "would that it had been otherwise."

"Tell me more, Emma," I replied, "for there is something which you are concealing from me."

"It is a cousin, Edwin."

"A cousin, Emma?"

"Yes. They call him refined; because he does nothing but smoke, play at billiards, and spend half his time in a yacht; but he is no favorite of mine; and rather than marry him—"

"Marry him, Emma! Surely your father can have no such design?"

"It is too true, Edwin; and any day I may be compelled to bid adieu to you forever."

"This shall not be! Fly with me, Emma; fly from this fashionable and detestable place."

"I cannot, Edwin. Where can I go?—unless—"

"Speak; I will take you anywhere; but fly, and fly at once."

"To my Aunt Buckram's then. She will do anything I ask her."

In a few hours we had reached the desired haven, and the next morning saw us man and wife.

XI.

My honeymoon was not without its troubles, though my wife was not the cause of them. My friend, Mr. Nickel (whom I suspected of having written the anonymous letter), departed one morning from his post as my factory-inspector, with a considerable sum of money which he never accounted for. On the next day to the one on which he left the country, my father-in-law, Mr. Sandford, made his appearance; calling upon us suddenly as we were seated at breakfast.

"I come here," he said, "in no spirit of enmity. You have acted without my consent, but I freely forgive you. The portion I might have given my daughter, Emma, if the marriage had been conducted in the regular way, will now remain a secret until after my death."

After we had thanked him for his kindness, and had wished him a life as long as Methuselah's, he continued:

"I am not surprised that your inspector, Mr. Nickel, betrayed his trust, and embezzled your property. I knew him some years ago, and I never had a favorable opinion of him."

"Is it possible?" I exclaimed.

"You are young and inexperienced," he continued, "and I am a man of the world. Go and enjoy yourselves while you can,

and, repugnant as the bone-boiling establishment is to me, I will look after your interests—as a father.”

“Mr. Sandford,” I replied, “I cannot allow this generous sacrifice. After all that you have said regarding this repulsive business—”

“I only do my duty,” he interrupted. “One member of my family has already become your partner for

life. I propose to join the firm also. From this hour you will consider me your acting partner.”

And he became a partner; I scarcely know how. Sometimes I think of the anonymous letter, and suspect his disinterestedness; but one glance at my gentle and amiable wife reconciles me to all.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

THE project of changing the course of the Tiber seems to have been entirely given up. It was evident from the beginning that the Italian government had no serious intention of backing up Garibaldi in his visionary projects with substantial aid. In fact it had not the money to spare even if it had been disposed to expend it. The parasites who fatten on the public treasury have exhausted not only the legitimate revenues of the government, but also the immense sums which have been acquired by stealing the property of the religious orders and of charitable societies. Capitalists were too sagacious to invest in a project which almost every one but Garibaldi knew was impracticable, except under the penalty of an epidemic, which would practically depopulate Rome.

Under Papal governments the matter had been frequently and carefully examined by skilful engineers, and the conclusion always arrived at was that sanitary reasons dictated non-interference with the course of the Tiber. If the river were turned from its channel the immense amount of decayed matter which has accumulated in its bed, if exposed to the sun and the action of the air, would certainly generate a fatal miasma.

About fifty years ago certain Jews offered the Pope a sum amounting to nearly five millions of dollars to induce him to allow the course of the river to be diverted and its bed to be cleared. They proposed to give up all the works of art they might discover, but to retain whatever treasures of gold and silver they could find.

The Pope refused the offer because of the sanitary reasons already mentioned. The bed of the Tiber is covered with a soft, almost semifluid mud, of great depth, into which all articles cast into the river immediately sink. There they remain, and are not carried by the waters towards the sea. The accumulation of works of art, of gold and silver jewels, and vases filled with coin,

thrown into the Tiber during the many sieges which Rome has sustained is immense. Among these is the golden candlestick of seven branches, which once ornamented the temple at Jerusalem. It was thrown into the Tiber below the Ponto Roto. There, along with many other articles of inestimable value, it will probably remain forever.

CABLE dispatches from Europe continue to assure us of the peaceful settlement of the Herzegovina difficulty. At the same time it is a fact which cannot be concealed that the people of Serbia and Montenegro, and of adjoining Turkish provinces, are ripe for a war against the Sultan of Turkey. Secret enlistments, too, it is said, have been made in Italy and southeastern Austria, and the rebellion against Turkey may break out again at any moment. Both Austria and Russia disclaim any desire for the extension of their territorial limits by the annexation of any of the Slavonic provinces of Turkey. But it is plain that, eventually, they must either be annexed by one or the other of these powers, or be divided between them, or else constituted an independent confederacy. The latter neither Russia nor Austria would allow. Neither would either be willing to permit their absorption by the other. The difficulty of making a partition of them between the two powers satisfactory to both amounts almost to an impossibility. The consequence of this is their allowing and encouraging Turkey to put down by force the uprising in the Herzegovina. But the fire still smoulders there, and the flames of insurrection may break out again with increased violence at any time.

Meanwhile, the semi-official journal of the Turkish government, at Constantinople, speaks in a defiant tone respecting any interference by the great European powers. It says that they have all had to contend with

political and religious troubles among their peoples, and would have indignantly resented any foreign interference in their domestic affairs. It affirms that Turkey has an army of 800,000 soldiers, armed with breech-loaders and Krupp cannon, and is abundantly able to put down any rebellion that may arise within her territory; that the Turks "are well aware that every inch of Turkish territory has been watered with the blood of their ancestors, and are determined to hold on to it, and defend it" against either rebel inhabitants or foreign invaders.

It is very gratifying to find how useful Catholics are in this country. We are useful to fight, for about 500,000 Catholics fought bravely for the Union during the war. We are useful to assist to support an unsectarian system of education which is practically anticatholic. We are very useful to vote other people into offices. Our priests are very useful occasionally in pacifying Indian tribes, like good Father De Smet often did.

Is it generally known that English Catholics have schools of their own, liberally assisted by government aid, and that Catholic priests are employed and remunerated for their services as chaplains in the army, the navy, and in prisons? Is it known that in some of the colonies of the British empire the Catholic Church is almost treated as the established church of the country?

Certainly, when we reflect on these facts, we are tempted to believe that the English Catholics are better off than we are here; but, on further reflection, we find this unjust to our fellow-countrymen, whose errors and shortcomings towards Catholics do not proceed from that crass bigotry which marks the feelings of the middle classes in England towards Catholics, but simply from want of due attention and interest to the matters of which we complain.

Absorbed with the demands of business or pleasure, Americans often suffer gross abuses, political, social, and religious, to remain unredressed, because they do not perceive them. Too often, also, everything is viewed in a party light, and when the claims of justice are urged, our leaders consider, "How will this affect our political position? Will it make capital for the Democrats or for the Republicans?" Thus the public wellbeing is ignored, and abuses go on till they reach a head, when some acute politician seizes the favorable moment and puts himself forward as the "champion reformer of the day."

GREAT efforts are being made in Germany and Ireland, as well as in this country, to improve church music. The Cecilia Society of the United States met at Dayton,

Ohio, on the 17th of September, when Palestrina's music was rendered by two hundred voices, under the directorship of Prof. Singenberger, of Milwaukee. Bishop Tœbbe, of Covington, delivered the sermon, and the Society adjourned to meet at Baltimore in 1876.

There is no question but that the music of the Church is the Gregorian Plain Chant; other music is permitted. This method of singing is very ancient, having been introduced by Pope Gregory the Great in the sixth century. It has been indorsed and recommended by numerous pontiffs and synods. At the present time, De Witt, in Germany, and Herr Pustet, in the same country, have bestowed particular attention to it; and the *New York Herald's* correspondent, writing from Maynooth, at the opening of the Synod, says:

"High mass followed, at which the Cardinal, as President of the Council and Papal Delegate, was celebrant. The music was Gregorian, sung in the Ratisbon style, which De Witt, Pustet, and others are striving to propagate all over Germany. It is a great improvement on the old style Gregorian." In this Ratisbon Gradual, at it is called, is every single feast, up to the present time, completely set to music; every note of which has passed the criticism and received the sanction of a commission appointed by the Holy Father.

THERE are few phrases so awkward, ambiguous, and really meaningless than the saying, "Politics and religion have nothing to do with each other." What is meant by this? If it means that those intrusted with power should have no religion or conscience, the sentiment is certainly a shocking one, and, if carried out, would give knaves, swindlers, and villains a preference over good and honest men. If it means that the belief of the citizens should not affect their political actions, it states what is a foolish absurdity and impossibility in many cases. When, for example, political parties are divided on financial questions, or on the expediency of free trade or protection, or on the question of peace or war, or similar questions, then a man's religious opinions would not be likely to influence his votes.

In Southern Ireland and in Eastern Canada, or the province of Quebec, where Catholics largely predominate, their votes are often cast for Protestants, if they accurately represent their political opinions. In the United States Catholics are notoriously in the habit of making no religious discriminations in their choice of political candidates to vote for. But Catholics would be self-stultified to vote for "Know-Nothing" candidates, or for any one who assails their religion as dangerous to the republic, or

who would wish to deprive them of any of their natural or constitutional rights.

ONE of the most common topics of declamation against the Catholic Church is the large cost of maintaining its clergy and religious. Political economists object to the large amounts of land attached to convents and other religious houses, and to large sums of money not actively employed in trade. Pseudo-philanthropists, whose mouths are filled with platitudes about the improvement of the good of mankind, and the improvement of the condition of the poor, but whose actions too often fail entirely to correspond with their words, lift up their hands and cry out, "Why this waste?" at the expensive ornamentation of churches, and the treasure that is laid upon the altar in honor of the blessed sacrament.

We do not propose to refute the argument, but simply to show that even if the fallacy on which it is based were true, still it is not for human governments to undertake to reform the "abuse" until they "swept before their own doors," nor for these blatant "friends of the poor" and politico-economical philosophers to be straining at gnats in the expenditures of the Church, and "swallowing camels" in those of secular governments.

Here is a statement compiled by a German statistician of the salaries of the different monarchs of Europe:

"Alexander II, Czar of Russia, \$9,125,000, or \$25,000 a day; Abdul Azir, Sultan of Turkey, \$9,000,000, or \$24,650 a day; Francis Joseph, Emperor of Austria, \$3,850,000, or \$10,500 a day; Frederick William II, Emperor of Germany, \$3,000,000, or \$8210 a day; Victor Emanuel, \$2,400,000, or \$6840 a day; Victoria, Queen of Great Britain, \$2,000,000, or \$6270 a day; Leopold, King of Bavaria, \$600,000, or \$1643 a day. In addition to these salaries each of these persons is furnished with from a dozen to fifty palaces, country seats, etc., etc., to live in rent free."

SOCIALISM is spreading with great rapidity in Russia. Recently a large number of persons, women as well as men, were indicted for participating in the movement. It is said that very many of its most ardent supporters belong to the higher classes of society, among whom are retired army officers, civil functionaries of every grade, professors, and ladies of high rank. It is said that the socialists only await an opportunity, such as a foreign war would give them, to organize a revolution, and put their abominable notions into operation.

The existence of such a state of things in Russia is not at all surprising. The govern-

ment is a despotism. The free exercise of the Catholic religion is not allowed, and in many provinces of Russia Catholics are persecuted.

The so-called Russo-Greek Church is the slave of the government, and acknowledges the Czar as its spiritual head. There is no religious influence, therefore, to hold back the people from looking to Socialism as a substitute for the crying evils which now oppress them.

THE Catholic Church in British America has been attracting considerable attention lately. The Guibord affair, in Montreal, has been already treated of in these notes. On the 26th of September the Provincial Council of the Ecclesiastical Province of Toronto assembled at Toronto, when the Right Rev. Bishop Walsh, of London, preached the sermon. The jubilee exercises and pilgrimages also took place at Toronto on this day, when a mob of Orangemen, who are very numerous in the province of Ontario, attacked the pilgrims, assaulting them with volleys of stones, and wounded some forty persons. This outrageous assault was wholly unprovoked.

The archdiocese of Toronto contains the sees of Toronto, Kingston, Hamilton, London, and the vicariate apostolic of northern Canada. It has one hundred and seventy-seven priests and two hundred and fifty Catholic churches.

THE new cathedral in the City of New York will certainly be a splendid edifice, and will compare in some degree with the cathedrals of Europe erected in former ages, especially when we reflect that sometimes from half a century to several centuries were consumed in the erection of the latter. The diocese of New York will defray the expenses of the altar, which will cost \$250,000, and will be composed of white marble. It will have a stylobate and reredos, with spires and tower, all composed of rich and variously colored marbles. The workmanship of this altar will be performed part at Rome, by Carminini, and part in France, by Guibe. It will be set up by the fall of next year.

The main roof of the cathedral is nearly completed, and the grooving of the arches in the interior has been commenced. The stained glass windows will soon be in place.

OPEN-AIR preaching has been claimed as a device of the Methodists, for reaching those who would not go to church. But in English and continental villages may be seen to this day fragments of the large stone cross, erected in the village street, a little way from the roadside, which was approached by steps.

On the highest of these steps, as from a pulpit, the Dominican or Franciscan friar often delivered his simple and earnest appeal. Of late years, also, a large number of beautiful new hymns, devotional prayers, and apt illustrations of spiritual things, have appeared; but it is not generally known that many of these have been gathered out of old books, dust-covered and moth-eaten, which have long slumbered on the shelves of libraries, while their Catholic authors have slept the sleep of the just for centuries.

EVERY order in the Church will soon be well represented in America. The abbots of Mount Mellary, in Ireland, Sept Fonds in France, and Mariastern, in Turkey, all of the Trappist order of monks, have decided to purchase land in Maryland, and to establish a house in the United States, and have appointed as their agent Brother Francis de Sales. The order of Trappists is the severest order in the Catholic Church. They are blacksmiths, shoemakers, tailors, carpenters, farmers, dairymen, and millwrights. They fast severely, never speak save when absolutely necessary, sleep little, take no recreation, and pray and meditate much. Two hundred are expected in December. There is already a small settlement of the same order at New Mellary, in the State of Iowa.

DE MAISTRE, Lacordaire, Dupanloup, Montalembert, Chateaubriand, are some of the great names which have reflected honor on the Catholics of France within this century. As regards the latter, he declared, when he wrote his *Genie du Christianisme*, that he intended it to show that "of all religions which have ever existed the Christian religion is the most poetic, the most humane, the most favorable to liberty, arts, and letters; that the modern world owes to it everything, from agriculture to the abstract sciences, from the hospitals for the sick to the temples built by Michael Angelo and decorated by Raphael; that there is nothing more divine than its morality, nothing more to be loved than its dogmas, its doctrines, and its rites; that it favors genius, refines tastes, develops virtuous passions, gives vigor to thought, offers noble forms to the poet, and perfect models to the artist."

A monument to Chateaubriand was inaugurated, at St. Malo, in Brittany, his birthplace, on the 5th of September. It was in 1801, the very year of Bonaparte's concordat with the Holy See for restoring Christianity to France, that Chateaubriand published that great work, the *Genie du Christianisme*. It is admitted by all, that this book was one of the most powerful means in commencing the Catholic revival which to-day is so powerful in France.

THE progress and the influence of the Catholic Church in America has attracted the attention of two English leading dailies, the *Times* and the *Daily News*. The former says: "American Catholics are building splendid churches and spreading rapidly. They have gained great political power, and they sometimes control the elections of certain towns. With much foresight they have bought large strips of land by the side of the railways which run westward, and thus their Church will soon have a princely endowment. They may also win many converts from rich classes, eager to find some greater relief from the bareness of Democracy than the bareness of Protestantism."

RECENT events in Asia give increased significance to the movements of Russia in extending her influence and political control southward and eastward. She is building a railroad, and also constructing a canal, to facilitate easy communication between the Caspian and Aral Seas. Bokhara and Khokan, and the countries which they dominate, are practically in the hands of Russia. Herat and the Cabool will soon be placed within easy reach of Russian military posts on the south and Cashgar on the east. Thus England may expect, if the Russian movement continues, to have Russia as an immediate neighbor to the India territory of the Punjab, upon both the west and the north.

OLD Catholic ideas and practices are often unearthed and paraded as "new," "modern," and "progressive inventions." What are trades' unions but a revival of the guilds of the Middle Ages. These guilds, which flourished hundreds of years ago under the protection of the Church, and always chose some saint as patron, in the same way that rosary societies are under the patronage of the Blessed Virgin—these guilds had many members, who associated for mutual support, for relief in case of sickness or death, and also to maintain the rights and usages of the trade, as do modern trades' unionists.

CATHEDRAL building is going on very actively in America at the present time. To say nothing of the New York cathedral, which, commenced by Archbishop Hughes, is still in progress, a fine new cathedral is being built by Bishop Gross at Savannah, which will cost \$300,000. The corner-stone of the new cathedral at Erie, Pa., to cost \$150,000, was laid lately by Bishop Mullen. The cathedral of Boston will be dedicated by Archbishop Williams on December 8th; and the foundation-stone of a new cathedral for the diocese of Green Bay, Wisconsin, will be laid this fall.

THE National Synod of the Catholic Church in Ireland, his Eminence Cardinal Cullen presiding, assembled at Maynooth College on August 31st, and closed its sessions on September 20th. The Bishops have issued a pastoral, in which they announce their intention of establishing a complete system of primary, intermediate, and superior schools for the education of the Catholics of Ireland, and of establishing a training or normal college for the education of teachers, under the charge of the Vincentian Fathers.

This is an example for us here in the United States to follow.

ACCORDING to the Italian *Official Gazette*, the sales of Church lands, "expropriated" by the Italian government, amounted, during the month of July, 1875, to 2,352,579 lire (\$488,148), and, during the previous part of the year, to 10,666,883 lire (\$2,133,377). From the 26th of October, 1867, to the close of 1874, the total amount realized by the sale at auction of expropriated Church lands was 480,778,827 lire (\$96,155,766).

It is very odd to see paragraphs flying all

round the country to the effect, that Bishop Corrigan and the Catholics of New Jersey made an organized attack on the public school system, but were overwhelmingly defeated, when the Bishop's circular only directed attention to the amendment taxing church property, which, in its operation, affects Protestants as well as Catholics! So much for that.

THE Catholics in New Brunswick, British America, have obtained some concessions in the school question. The certificate of the Superior of any Catholic religious order for any teacher is received as equivalent to attendance at the Normal School. No books are permitted to be used in any school containing matters offensive to the religious principles of Catholic teachers and scholars.

SOME Catholics think that Sunday-schools are a Protestant invention, and we have seen a statement that Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, England, first conceived the idea. But nothing was more usual in Catholic times than for the priest, on Sunday, to gather the children around him and teach them their catechism. It was a custom in Catholic England twelve hundred years ago.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

THEOLOGIA MORALIS: Novissimæ ecclesiæ Doctoris S. Alphonsi.

In compendium redacta, et usui venerabilis cleri Americani accommodata Auctore, A. Konings, C.S.S.R.

Continens Pontificum de SS. Congregationum Decreta, Declarationes ac Instructiones ad rem moralem pertinentes. Facultates Episcopis nostris concedi solitas. Tractationam de præsentia et auctoritate doctrinæ moralis S. Alphonsi, necnon clavem operum ejus. Prolegomena ad Theologiam Moralem ac *Tractatus*, De actibus Humanis, De Conscientia, De Legibus, De Peccatis, et De Virtutibus Theologicis. Bostoniæ: Typis Patricii Donohoe, 1874.

The three parts composing the whole of the above work have been at length completed, and have been furnished to us by Peter F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, to which fact we direct the attention of the Reverend Clergy of Philadelphia and vicinity. To praise the work would be a labor of supererogation. The name of St.

Alphonsus is of itself a tower of theological strength, but it seems to us that over and above the fact of this being a compendium, and from the pen of one so fitted for the task of a judicious abridgment, the words upon the title-page, *Et usui venerabilis cleri Americani accommodata*, should of themselves be a sufficient inducement for every American clergyman to have a copy in his library. The peculiar status of the Church in America, the anomalous condition of American society, life, and manners, must give rise to many grave questions ignored in the days, comparatively recent though they be, when the saintly Bishop of Santa Agata Dei Goti penned his admirable treatises. To accommodate his doctrine to the present age and condition of our own country is therefore a task in the highest degree praiseworthy; and we feel confident that our clergy will by their patronage not only do justice to themselves, but, at the same time, signify to the learned son of St. Alphonsus, who, from his retreat at Ilchester, has sent forth so excellent a work, that they appreciate his labors in their behalf.

THE SPIRIT OF FAITH; OR, WHAT MUST I DO TO BELIEVE? Five Lectures delivered in St. Peter's, Cardiff, by the Right Rev. Bishop Hedley, O.S.B. New York Catholic Publication Society, 1875. Received from

"Without faith it is impossible to please God."

Such is the declaration uttered long ago by the lips of infallible truth. Faith, then, is the *sine qua non* of salvation. Yet, while those who have strayed from the true fold, professedly claim to put all their hopes of salvation upon faith in Christ, they practically deny the doctrine by setting up a dead faith as their standard of redemption. There is no doctrine of divine truth more totally ignored in this age of reason and skepticism than this supernatural principle of faith, not only by the rationalistic theories of infidels and the paradoxical system of Protestants, but even by the children of the Church, who, believing, live as though they believed not, and whose faith thus unanimated by good works, is as lifeless and impracticable as that of their brethren outside the pale of the Church.

Since want of faith is the great evil of our age, surely any work which inculcates the necessity of this virtue, and explains its nature and objects, must be of incalculable value. Such is the little treatise before us, which is a thorough and simple exposition of this fundamental theological virtue. The sermons are five in number, and treat of, I. The necessity of belief. II. The New Testament teaching as to the nature of faith. III. Prejudice as an obstacle to faith. IV. Willfulness as an obstacle to faith. V. Faith the gift of Jesus Christ. Should any further recommendation be needed for this little work, let it be found in the name of its author.

WAYSIDE PENCILINGS, by Rev. James J. Moriarty, A.M., Chatham Village, New York. Albany: Van Benthuyssen Printing House, 1875.

We regret that this charming little journal, the character of which is sufficiently demonstrated by its name, has not, as yet, a more general circulation, having been published for the author by the firm whose imprint it bears. Such books are largely in favor with a class of readers who find peculiar delight in the romance of travel. Europe, its manners, customs, and people, can be correctly described only by a Catholic; for, after all, Europe is thoroughly Catholic, despite the temporary overclouding of the brilliancy of her faith by the darkening influences of infidelity and liberalism. The description of Pope Pius IX, from the author's graphic pen, reminds us strongly of the beautiful pen-and-ink portrait of the Sovereign Pontiff

drawn by the celebrated Margaret Fuller Ossoli, shortly after his elevation to the papal chair; but this is but one of the many good things with which the book abounds, and we think the author is doing injustice to himself in not giving his work wider circulation. We hope soon to see it on the shelves of every Catholic publisher, not that it may stay there, but preparatory to its transfer to every Catholic library.

LUDOVIC AND GERTRUDE, by Hendrik Conscience. Baltimore: Murphy & Co., 1875.

The seventeenth volume of the Conscience series of novels, which are too celebrated to need any new recommendation. The scene of this romance is laid in Antwerp, in the days of the reign of the tyrannical Duke of Alva, as representative of Philip II of Spain, when the Flemings had banded together to throw off the hated foreign yoke. These conspirators were known as the Gueux. But, whilst many of them were inspired by the loftiest motives of patriotism, there were some among them who, hating the faith of the Spaniards worse than their rule, made patriotism but a pretext for the attempted overthrow of the Church. History has frequently repeated itself in this particular, the folly of such attempts being no preventive to their repetition even in our own *enlightened* (!) age. We, therefore, recommend this novel, especially to liberal Catholics and the dupes of false freedom.

THE LITTLE CROWN OF ST. JOSEPH. Compiled and translated by a Sister of St. Joseph, Permissu Superiorum. New York and Montreal: D. & J. Sadlier & Co., 1875.

An excellent collection of meditations and devotions in honor of the glorious Saint whose name it bears, and most appropriate for a time when his cultus is so strongly and so generally propagated. It is embellished with a steel-plate portrait of the great Patriarch of the Christian Church. We feel confident that so serviceable a manual will meet with the success which it deserves.

THE LIVES OF THE SAINTS, by Rev. F. X. Weninger, S.J., D.D., in twelve parts, flexible binding. New York: P. O'Shea, 1875.

We have received, through P. F. Cunningham & Son, 29 South Tenth Street, Part III of this work, in the praise of which we can only repeat our former encomiums of the preceding numbers. The engraving serving as a frontispiece to this part is a steel-plate copy of Carlo Dolci's well-known painting, The Agony in the Garden.

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A MISCELLANY OF

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